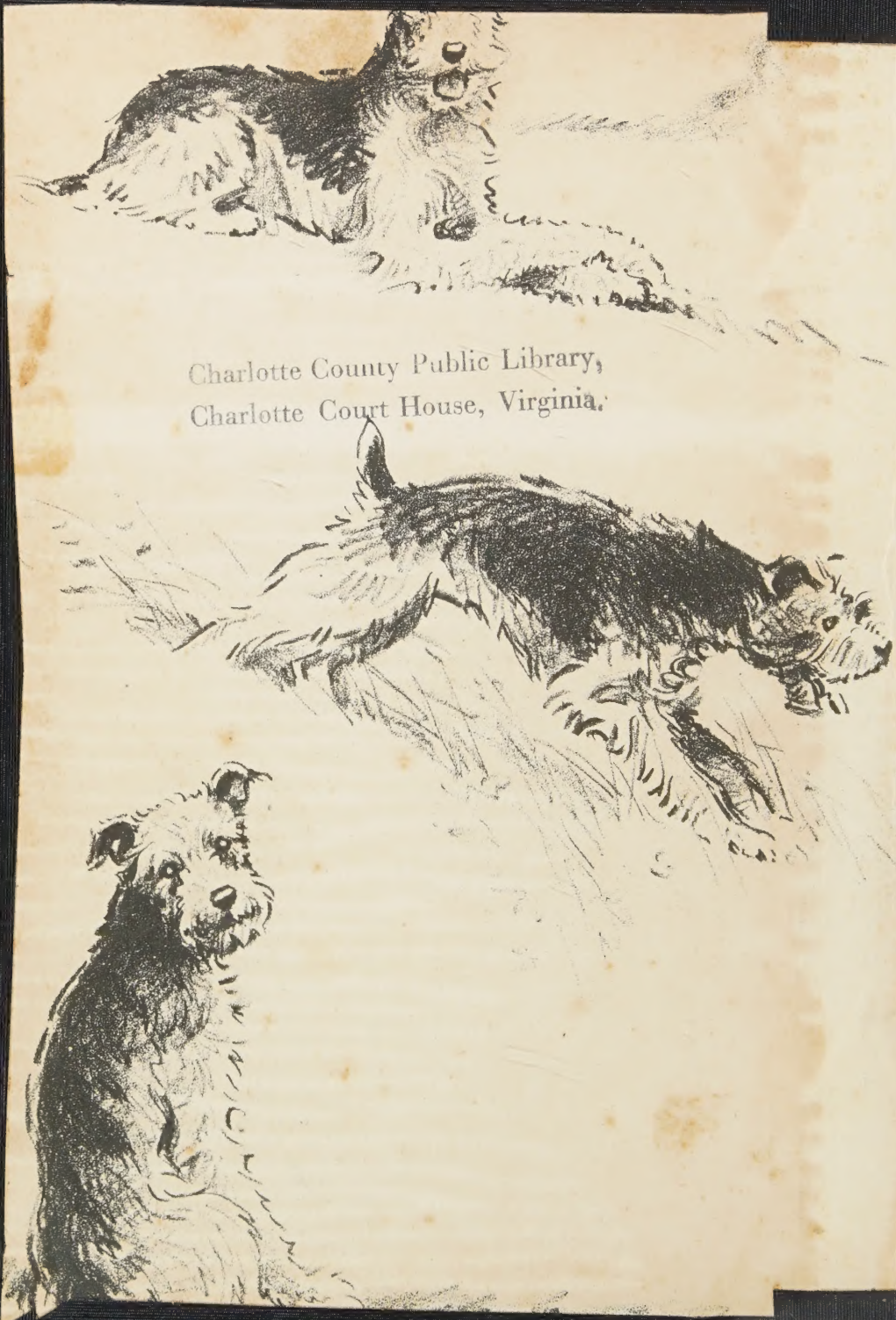

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PETE

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TRIGGER JOHN'S SON

BUTTONS

PETE

BY TOM ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN DENNIS

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TO

E. F. R.

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How Jack Found Pete

THE first member of Jack's family ever to see Pete was Jack himself. That was as it should be, because strictly speaking Pete was Jack's dog. But really Pete didn't belong to anyone. Once he got acquainted with Jack's family and they with him, Pete was as much a member of the family as Jack's older brothers, Donald and Lincoln, were.

There hadn't been a dog in the family for a long time before Pete came. Anyway it seemed a long time to Jack.

Their last dog had been a St. Bernard. His name was Duke because he was deliberate and dignified. Jack had known Duke all his life. Duke would lie on the porch in the sun, and when Jack was little more than a baby he would crawl all over him and hug him and sit on him. When he sat down quick and hard, Duke would grunt, but he was always very pleasant. Jack's mother said Duke was a horse, and she used to fuss a little when he drooled around over the rugs and the furniture, but she loved him as much as anybody did. They all missed him terribly after he died.

A family with no dog in it is a lop-sided family. Jack's family didn't want to be a lop-sided family, so after a while they decided to get another dog. They knew where to look for the right one. This was in the town where the family used to live, on a farm across the street from the farm where Jack was born. Peter and Gypsy Bent lived there. Every-

body liked Peter and Gypsy. They were airedales with a long pedigree, but very human and easy-going in spite of that. So Jack wrote a letter to Mr. Bent and told him he was looking for a dog.

Before long, back came a letter from Mr. Bent. It said: "Dear Jack: Gypsy has a new family. Come on out and look them over." Lincoln went with Jack, because Jack wasn't old enough to drive the car. When they got there they found the Bents out in the barn. Mr. Bent was playing with the dogs, and Mrs. Bent was standing at one side smiling, as if she was proud of him for having the dogs. Or maybe she was laughing at him for being foolish over them. Jack didn't think so, because she was a little foolish over them herself, especially over Gypsy. Gypsy was pretty proud, as proud as a rooster, only she didn't show it so much.

As soon as Peter saw the boys, he greeted them like old friends, but Gypsy gave them a long look before she recognized them and wagged her tail. Then she went on washing her puppies. One of the pups got a lap every time any one of the other five got a lap. Mr. Bent said it was rank favoritism. He said the reason was that the one that got the extra laps wasn't as big and strong as the others.

All the pups were nuzzling round and rolling and crowding each other and trying to get more dinner. But the littlest pup just sat on his haunches and looked pleased and puzzled. He didn't move around much, but he noticed

everything. He was just curious and fuzzy-minded.

"What's his name?" Jack asked.

"Pete," said Mr. Bent. "All airedales are called Pete till somebody gets round to calling them something else."

"I like Pete," Jack said. Nobody will believe it, but Pete

looked up and looked Jack right in the eye that very minute, and Jack knew that Pete knew what he'd said and was glad he'd said it.

Mr. Bent told the boys that Pete couldn't leave his mother yet a while, and that they could come out and get him in a month or so. Then Jack and Lincoln and the Bents all went into the house and Mrs. Bent gave everyone cookies and milk.

Just a month later to a day, Jack and Lincoln went back. Pete was rolling all the other puppies around and was in high spirits and was bigger than any of them. Mr. Bent told the boys there were two things the matter with Pete. First place, he had a voice too big for his size; and second place, he hadn't any nose. He explained about that. It wasn't that Pete couldn't smell a steak well enough to go after it, or that he couldn't smell him or Jack to know them by the smell. It was just that he wasn't a hunter. But since airedales weren't supposed to be hunters anyway, that didn't make any difference.

Gypsy Bent looked pretty dubious when Jack put Pete in the car. But Pete himself snuggled into Jack's arms, pleased as Punch, and got his face out of the window where the wind could blow through his young whiskers as they drove away.

Pete Arrives at His New Home

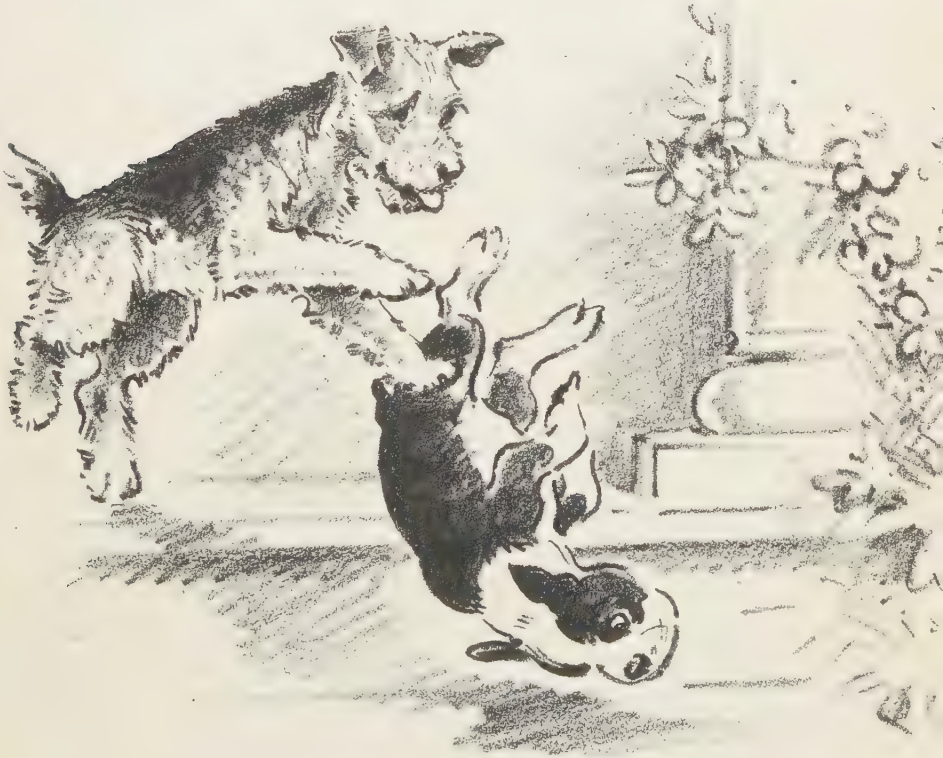
When Pete arrived at his new home in Hingham, he found a dog sitting on the big stone doorstep. Pete didn't know yet that it was his new home and his own doorstep, but he felt that any dog sitting anywhere on anything deserved consideration. So, as soon as Jack let him out of the car, he rushed up to the dog and said "hello," in his best puppy manner.

Now the dog on the doorstep was Topsy Holmes. She lived just across the road and seldom sallied forth, and when she did, it was soberly and without hilarity of any kind. She was a recluse by nature, that is, she kept her own company, mostly. She was a small Boston terrier who was born with a fighting savvy, but she was now old and the fire in her had gone out. But how was Pete to know that? His short life had been spent with his brothers and sisters, and he was used to plenty of puppy response. Even his father, Peter, and his mother, Gypsy, were still young enough for a frolic.

At the moment of his arrival, he was too full of enthusiasm to have any proper respect for age and decrepitude, even if he had known such things existed. He rolled Topsy over, bounced her off the doorstep, and fell over her. When she picked herself up and departed in a state of

swollen indignation, Pete looked after her in amazement.

When he was a bit older, he came to think of her as someone to pay his respects to off and on and now and then, when he remembered it: like an old lady in a lace cap and mitts, who happened to live next door. But now he was greatly puzzled by her actions. Not for long: after she had disappeared through the gate of her own yard, he forgot all about her. He took her place on the doorstep, just as if it belonged to him and always had, and waited for the boys to finish taking things out of the car.



Pete Meets the Family

Pete got up on his hind legs and put his front paws on the door as soon as Jack came to let him in.

"Now, Pete, you listen to me," Jack said. "You be a good dog when you meet the rest of the family. I want you to make a good impression."

The first one Pete met when Jack opened the door was Jack's oldest brother, Donald. Donald was sitting in front of the fireplace, his nose in a book, as usual. Pete went straight

up to him and tried to climb into his lap. Donald came out of his book with a jerk.

"Why, Bozo!" he said.

"His name is Pete," Jack corrected.

"Hello, Pete!" Donald said, and scratched Pete's head back of his ears. Pete liked that and wiggled his head round for more.

"Can he shake hands or beg or be a dead dog or anything?"

"Pete's only a pup yet. Give him time," Jack answered. They both looked at Pete, and Pete thought something was expected of him, so he let out a big bark.

"He can speak, all right," Donald said, laughing.

The bark brought Jack's mother from the kitchen and Jack's father from the big northwest room. Lincoln, who had been putting away the car, came in the front door at the same time. Pete seemed to be astonished for a moment to see all of them at once and sat down on his haunches and looked them over, first one and then another and then the same thing all over again.

"He's got a voice," Jack's father said.

"Mr. Bent says his voice is too big for him," Jack informed them.

"When was he born?" Donald asked.

Everyone laughed. Donald had been going deep into astrology and had been casting everyone's horoscope, and now he was going to cast Pete's horoscope.

"He's a March baby," Lincoln said.

"March seventeenth, St. Patrick's Day," Jack added.

"Maybe he's Irish," Jack's father suggested.

"He's English," Jack announced. "All airedales are English."

"What time of day?" Donald looked up to ask.

"What time of day, what?" Jack was getting irritated.

"What time of day was he born?"

"I don't know," Jack said. "Is it important?"

"Of course, but we can tell some things about him just by the day. To begin with, his loud voice is all right. The stars say he will have fame through his voice. He will also have fame through his feet."

"What's Pete's ruling star?" Lincoln asked.

"Neptune," Donald answered.

"Apparently he is of the spirit," Jack's father added.

"You can tell that by his eyes," Jack's mother said. All but Donald looked at Pete's eyes, and the eyes looked back alive and glowing. Pete certainly was pleased to sit in on this conference.

Donald went on: "If I knew what star was in the ascendant at the precise moment of his birth, I could go more into detail. Anyway, I can say that Pete might be an orator or an actor." He looked at Pete, who barked and thumped his tail on the floor.

Pete was getting excited, and sitting still began to be a job. Donald was about to continue, but his father asked:

"Don't you think you've already told him enough to make him miserable with ambition?"

Jack's mother stooped down and took Pete's face between her hands. "Pete and I are going to like each other, aren't we, Pete?" Pete said "yes" with emphasis, and then went from one to another, dancing and prancing and making the welkin ring, as if he had just been let off a leash. Jack's father put his hands over his ears. "He's got to be taught to keep that voice of his down!"

They began on him at once, but they never succeeded, then or later, in getting Pete to speak aloud in a polite tone of voice. But after a while he did get so he could answer a simple question without frightening the neighbors. It was a muffled noise, like a bunch of firecrackers exploding under a wooden pail, and it looked like something between a sneeze and a yawn.

After Pete's first lesson in voice culture, Lincoln said:

"He ought to learn to shake hands. He'll be the family greeter, won't he?"

"Let him alone, can't you? He's hungry," Jack objected.

"There's milk in the refrigerator. Warm it a little," Jack's mother added, as Jack left the living room. Lincoln got down on his knees, and held out his hand to Pete. "Shake!" Almost immediately, Pete gave him his left paw. "Pretty good, but not good enough. It's done with the right hand. Shake!" Pete hesitated and then put up his left paw again.

"Maybe he's left-handed, like some of the rest of us," Jack's mother suggested.

"Well, none of us shake hands left-handed," Lincoln said, and he turned to Pete again. "Shake!" Pete was plainly puzzled. He looked at Lincoln in a hurt sort of way, then he lapped his chops, and finally, in sheer embarrassment, bent his head down and around and began to hunt for a flea.

"Shake!" insisted Lincoln. Pete held up his left paw again, but he held it out at an angle and didn't look at Lincoln. He looked at Jack's mother. She said: "Isn't that enough for the first lesson?" Lincoln put down Pete's left paw, picked up his right and gave it a grim shake, and put it down again. "Now then, shake!"

Pete was bright enough. You could see him say to himself: "Oh, that's the idea, is it?" And he gave Lincoln his right paw. Then Lincoln petted and patted him and everyone called him a good dog, and in general expressed satisfaction and pleasure. Pete expressed satisfaction and pleasure, too, but he forgot what it was all about right away, and when the boys tried the thing again, up came Pete's left paw.

Then Jack came in with the warm milk, put it down on the hearth, and they all watched Pete gulp it up. Pete wanted the milk and he wanted to get away from the hand-shaking business.

Pete never did learn to shake hands with his right paw.

He always used his left. Almost always, that is. Once in a while, when he was anxious to get the thing over and get on to the next thing, he'd hold up his right, if the right one was nearer. But mostly he went through life shaking hands with his left paw.

Pete got milk all over his whiskers, and Jack's mother wiped it off with a paper napkin. Then she said she thought Pete ought to be shown over the house. So she led the way, and Pete followed, and everybody else followed Pete.

Pete had felt at home the minute Jack opened the door and they stepped into the living room. The house was old like the Bents' house, and the room had the old familiar smell, old pine walls, old fireplace with its big smoking logs, old furniture. The big table with its bowl of bright flowers was littered with magazines and books, and the room generally looked like a place where you could do what you pleased.

But the next room he was taken into made him a little bit uneasy. It was very neat and orderly.

"We keep this room for show," Lincoln said to Pete. "It isn't used much. Nobody comes here except Donald, when he wants to make a noise on the piano."

"We do have to keep one room in some kind of order," Jack's mother said, smiling at Pete. Pete wagged his tail, and seemed to think the idea was all right.

Jack cautioned him. "You have to be careful not to break any of Aunt Lizzie's old lusterware in that corner cupboard."

Pete looked at the china, which Jack pointed out. He looked at the paneling on the fireplace wall; the cream-colored paint made it look quite dressed up. He looked at Jack's great-great-grandfather's portrait hanging over the fireplace, and his white ruffled shirt looked still more dressed up. Then Pete's eyes dropped to the fireplace itself, where the coals were glowing and falling apart, and the old iron kettle was steaming on the crane, and that made him feel

better. Jack's mother had to speak to him twice before he would leave.

They took Pete up the quaint front stairs and showed him everyone's bedroom and brought him down the very wide old staircase into the tiny back hall. Across it a door stood invitingly open. This led into the northwest room, which was library or study, full of books and other things. It was supposed to be Jack's father's room, but everyone used it and left his things in it and lost them there. Nobody could ever find anything, once it had got into that room.

Everybody liked the northwest room, and Pete was no exception. He ran around sniffing and wagging his tail and looking up now and then and barking. Pete felt at home right away and he showed it by jumping up in the big wing chair beside the broad hearth.

"Oh, dear!" Jack's mother cried. "Why did you have to choose that chair of all places!"

Everyone laughed, and Jack's father suggested the answer. "That's my favorite chair, and I notice if I don't get it first, somebody else does."

"Pete wasn't here, and he doesn't know it's just been recovered," was Jack's defense.

"Anyway no dog would guess it was new. That material it's covered with may be whole, but it's old. It's been packed away in moth balls for years," Donald added.

Pete got down, reluctantly. "The rest of the room is yours," Lincoln said. Pete was getting tired, so he looked

round the room again, jumped up on the couch, and went to sleep.

He learned after a while that a fellow could sit in some chairs and not in others, and he learned which was which. Jack declared he never really understood the why of it.

"Pete's a better person to sit in a best chair than a good many who can sit in it," he said.

Pete Is Introduced to the Cats

PETE was not only tired, he was exhausted. A long journey, seeing new places, meeting new people, and joining a new family was hard work and took it out of a fellow, especially if he was only a puppy. When Pete once got to sleep, he slept forever.

Nothing mortal would have waked him. Something immortal did. Donald broiled a steak over the kitchen coals and the fragrance of it, in spite of closed doors, penetrated the living room, the little back hall, the northwest room, and Pete's nose.

Pete opened one eye and then the other, rolled off the couch, picked himself up and backtracked the smell, as far as the kitchen door, where he stopped and sat down.

"Woof," said Pete, in a loud tone of voice. The family were having dinner in the kitchen. Jack got up and opened the door. Pete came in looking eager and sat down between Jack and Jack's father. He didn't say a word. He just sat there, lapping his chops every so often.

Everybody knows that no dog should be fed at the table. Most dogs know this too—that is, most well-brought-up dogs. But they have to learn it by hard experience. Pete never had to learn this particular thing. He knew it from the first. He just sat by the table and looked on.

Jack's father pushed a piece of meat to the edge of the platter and then slipped it off and down and into Pete's mouth. Pete was too polite to refuse it, but he knew the idea was wrong and he did his best to make it as inconspicuous as possible. Just a quick gulp and a swallow, the way a bull frog eats, and one lap around his jaw. He wasn't any tattletale and he didn't let on. Lincoln gave his father a look, then said: "Why, Pete!"

Pete looked guilty and apologized and wagged a limp tail, but he couldn't feel real guilt, because he knew the sin, if it was a sin, had been started by someone else. He couldn't look into his own eyes, of course, as Jack's father had, or he might have had his doubts about who started it. It was not so easy to resist the longing in Pete's eyes.

Complete silence followed this episode.

"Meow," came from the door that led into the shed. This was followed by a lot of little "meows." Pete looked toward the door and then at Jack, several large question marks in his eyes. Then he went over and sniffed.

"Pete might as well meet them now and have it over with," Donald said.

"I don't know—" Jack's mother began.

"Plenty of cats at the Bents'," Jack said.

"And our cats knew Duke," Lincoln added.

Jack got up and opened the door and the procession entered: a mother and four kittens, and the kittens had their little pointed tails in the air. Pete backed away from

the door to make room for their entrance. Jack introduced them.

"This is Fluffy Ruffles, sometimes called Fluffy Ruff-tails, because when you stroke her, her tail blossoms." Donald, who was as strong on genealogy as he was on astrology, added: "Her ancestors go back to pre-historic times, and have been in our family forever. She's gray tiger. The family always had a gray tiger."

"They're common cats and not prize-winners, but they are pleasant cats," Lincoln said. Fluffy proved this by going up to Pete and brushing against his legs, but she didn't pay any further attention to him, because the smell of the steak was in her nose too.

Jack then introduced the kittens.

"This is Chaos and this Cosmos"—he presented them, one in each hand.

"Those names came down the cat line from a sermon preached by our great-grandfather," explained Donald.

"This is Hepatica," Jack continued.

"That's a family name, too," Donald expounded. "Aunt Margaret named the first one, when she was a little girl, because the kitten's ears looked like hepatica leaves, when they first come out of the ground in the spring."

Pete was polite and mildly interested.

"And here's Greylock," Jack concluded. Donald added: "Named by our grandfather after one of his favorite mountains." Jack held this kitten out toward Pete and Pete

gave him a gentle lap. This was a funny thing, because Pete and Greylock were destined to be very close friends.

Dinner followed for everybody who hadn't already had it. It was served at the foot of the kitchen stove. The kittens were given warm milk, Fluffy Ruffles some meat cut pretty fine, and Pete the T-bone from the steak. But they didn't eat as served. The kittens pushed Fluffy Ruffles away from the meat and began to chew at it. Fluffy Ruffles pushed Pete away from his bone and tackled that herself. And Pete walked around behind them and drank up the kittens' milk.

Friend and Enemy

THE first person you meet in this world is not always your best friend, and it was like that with Pete. Topsy Holmes was Pete's first acquaintance when Pete came to Hingham, but Pumpernickel was Pete's best friend. Nobody called him by his full name, but just Nick or Nicky. He was a Lehner dog. He was about Pete's size and not far from Pete's color, only darker; but he didn't have Pete's shape, and his points were funny. Lehner dogs almost always had pedigrees, but if Nick had a pedigree to start with, it got confused on its way down. Folks called him a mongrel—built like one kind of dog, or several kinds, and dressed like some other kind. Maybe his blood wasn't as pure as the driven snow, but he had a heart of pure gold to keep it circulating.

Nick came up to call on Pete the first day Pete was let out to scrape acquaintance in the neighborhood. They took to each other right away, nosing around and scratching the dirt and rolling. Nick was older than Pete of course, but Pete, being a pup, was a good roller and would roll on the least provocation.

As soon as they knew each other pretty well, Nick told Pete to come along down to his house and he'd show him something. The thing he showed him was a pure-bred Russian wolf hound that Mrs. Lehner had brought home from Europe for a friend, but the friend wouldn't take her. She had a face like a paper cutter and legs like split toothpicks. Her full name was Vledma of St. Nicholas, but she was called Val for short.

Val was digging a hole in the ground when Nick and Pete came along. Her acknowledgment of the introduction was of the slightest. She took her dirty nose out of the hole for a moment and then put it back in the hole again.

She was not unfriendly, just not interested. She hadn't any dog sense. Her interest was in the hole. Her specialty turned out to be digging up hens that had died of the roup, and bringing them in to the Lehners' kitchen for the cook to do something about. What the cook did was leave; and so did the next cook. Mr. Lehner finally decided that Val was wrong in the head and sent her to the S.P.C.A.; which only shows that high breeding isn't everything in a dog, or if it is, it ought not to be.

Nick told Pete to come along somewhere else and they'd try again. The second try wasn't much better than the first. The dog they met turned out later to be Pete's enemy. Pete's enemy lived just a little farther down the street. He had a Colonial mansion and a three-car garage to look after, and he had a house of his own to live in. He had plenty to eat and no bad treatment and ought to have been happy, but he wasn't. Nobody liked him. Maybe that was why he wasn't liked—because he wasn't happy. Or maybe he wasn't happy because he wasn't liked. He wasn't high class and he had mixed blood in him, but he wasn't disliked for that reason. There were several low-class dogs in the gang that became Pete's gang who were as happy as larks and as popular as a new bone. He wasn't handsome, either. He looked like a cross between nothing and a water spaniel. But the gang didn't go in much for looks, or some of the members would never have been able to join up.

Pete's enemy was sitting out front when Nick brought Pete up to introduce him. He looked sour and sore and didn't speak. He just gave them the boiled eye. Nick's introduction died on his lips and the two of them went on up to look at the dog house. Pete's enemy followed them and when he saw them examining his home, he let out a low surly rebuke and stepped up to fight about it. But Pete and Nick didn't like him well enough even to fight with him. They just turned tail and scampered.

Pete used to drop around once in a while at first, to

call on the dog, but nothing came of it, and after a while he passed by on the other side of the street, like the Pharisee. Only Pete was no Pharisee. If a fellow refuses to take up with an offer of friendship, what can a self-respecting dog do about it? Nobody took the trouble to learn the dog's name, even. He was just Pete's Enemy.

Nick told Pete that, in spite of appearances, there were plenty of good dogs in the neighborhood, and that if Pete would come along, he'd prove it. But Jack called Pete as they were starting on up the street, and Pete had to go home.

In spite of all the bad luck that attended Nick's first attempt to introduce Pete in the neighborhood, Pete soon became one of the gang. He was a general favorite. And Pete's nature radiated friendliness on every dog in the gang. But Pete's friendship with Nick was a little different. It was closer and it endured. They got to be a little soft on each other. They swapped visits half a dozen times a day and went places and got into trouble together like pals.

MOREAU

The Bath

PETE was sitting under the lilac bush at the left side of the front door. There was another lilac bush on the right side, but Pete liked the one on the left side better. The right one was taller, but stringy and cast a miserable shadow. Furthermore, it bore a white blossom, which Pete considered inappropriate to his manly nature. The lilac on the left was broad and bushy, cast a perfect shadow, and the blossoms on it were of a deep, rich purple. Besides, just back of it, concealed from any casual view by the overhanging branches of the burning bush and by the honeysuckle vine, was a small but luxurious dust bowl, which Pete had made for himself.

Pete was thinking about this dust bowl and was holding the idea in reserve, because he deduced from his memory of past events and the circumstances leading up to them that he was about to have a bath. The morning sun of early June was up and smiling, Jack had put on his old bathing suit, attached the hose to the sill-cock, collected a big sponge and a cake of soap, and was calling him from

round back of the house. Pete had as much use for a bath as he had for a bird's nest. But he never resisted. He might be dilatory in his response to the summons, but it was not resistance. The thing just had to be done, once it started, and Pete was a philosopher. All he could do about it was to remember that after the bath and while he was still nice and damp, there was the dust bowl to wallow in—if he could make it.

"Pete!" Pete turned his head in the general direction of the voice and considered the question. There was something lacking. The strong note of *you've got to do it and do it now* was missing. Then Pete heard the water hissing through the hose and he understood. Jack never used the hose on him until he had first soaped and bathed him in warm water. Pete remembered that Jack had driven the car round back when they had returned from the post office. The car was to have a bath too. Well, let it! The car could have first turn. He didn't mind. Pete dropped flat on the ground, put his head down on his paws, closed his eyes, and let the world drift lazily by.

The first thing that drifted was Miss Flynn. And she didn't drift, she wriggled. Pete heard the wriggle of her approach. He opened his eyes, and there she was, meaching up to him on her belly, delighted to see him and terribly surprised, just as if she hadn't come wriggling along not more than an hour before. Pete gave her a reserved regard.

Miss Flynn was a newcomer in the neighborhood. She

had been bought by the Flynns to be company for Carl. Carl was an Irish setter. Miss Flynn was an Irish setter pup, very amiable and always willing and anxious to please. She didn't have any dignity. It is all very well for a dog to be good-natured and sociable, but liking everybody and one person as well as another doesn't help a dog's social standing. Nevertheless, the gang had taken her in on account of Carl and she was included in their get-togethers. Pete regarded Miss Flynn tolerantly, and was not above walking out with her now and then for a short distance, but when he was taking a nap and she came wriggling round, he was disgusted. Sometimes he registered his disgust.

When Miss Flynn's beseeching nose got within an inch of Pete's nose, Pete got up, stretched, yawned, and lay down again with his back to her. Miss Flynn hadn't any head, but she did have a sensitive nature. The wriggle went out of her. She squatted and looked at Pete's back in a puzzled sort of way. She got embarrassed, licked her chops, and then, pretending not to care, she stirred up a flea and began to bite it vigorously.

At this point, Carl came along to fetch her home. She had run out on him while he was having a nap and he was rather peevish about it. He recognized her as a companion, but also as a responsibility. He tried to keep her at home, but her abundant social proclivities were hard to control. He gave her a look. She stopped biting the flea that wasn't there, got up, and made a bee-line for the Flynns' yard.

Pete and Carl just said: "Hello!" They both looked after Miss Flynn. Carl said: "That dog!" and the two of them watched her till she disappeared into the Flynns' barn. Then they settled down on the lawn for a brief conversation.

Carl was no mealy-mouthed back-slapper like Miss Flynn. Carl had a dignity. He didn't embrace anyone. He wasn't affectionate by nature, but he was willing to let a

decent dog have the road. He had a job and he took the job seriously. He sat out on the Flynns' lawn and looked after the place as a dog should. He examined everybody that went by and if he didn't like them he sometimes said so, but for the most part he just sat and said nothing. If you entered the premises, he got up and made a thorough and stiff-legged examination. He was silent about it and undemonstrative and people that were used to tea parties and the like didn't know exactly how to take him. He was not the outstanding social exhibit of the neighborhood. He and Pete exchanged visits and got on very well, but without much palaver. Carl was aloof by nature and Pete respected his wishes and restrained his enthusiasms when the two were alone together. Pete was good at being aloof when he was with the aloofers.

All at once the hiss of the water through the hose stopped and with it the chit-chat between Pete and Carl. Carl cocked an inquiring eye at Pete.

"Wash day!" Pete said. "It's the car. My turn next."

"Oh! Sorry!" Carl got up at once and started for home.

"Pete!" came Jack's voice from the back of the house.

"Darn!" said Pete to himself. He got up and yawned and stretched and made a slow passage around to the hose and the automobile and Jack, and wilted down at Jack's feet to take his medicine.

Pete hated the water and was afraid of it. When Jack and the family went to the beach for a swim Pete went too, but he wouldn't go near the water. He was afraid on his own account and he was afraid for his family. When they jumped in, he was as uneasy as a mother hen with a hawk overhead. When they were in and swimming around, he just sat and looked perturbed. If one of them dived and was under water for a second, Pete nearly had a fit, and when he came up, Pete ran almost to the water's edge before he knew what he was doing and began to scold.

So it wasn't strange that Pete didn't like a bath very well. In fact, taking a bath was the worst thing he had to do. Jack tried bathing him in all sorts of places, including the bath tub and the laundry trays. The agonized sounds he let out and the commotion he made were more than the family could bear. As soon as summer came, Jack began bathing him out back under the cherry tree; and Pete hated that cherry tree.

"Too bad, old man!" Jack said. "I used to have my own ears washed for me and I know how you feel."

Jack tied him up to the tree. Pete was glad to be tied, for he was afraid his legs would run away with him if he wasn't. First, Jack sponged him all over very gently, with warm water. That was not so bad. Then Jack took the cake of soap and rolled it all over the moist hair. After that he worked up a lather with his fingers, which was pleasant, like getting your back scratched by a friend.

Then came the unpleasant part, getting rinsed off with cold water from the hose. Pete shook and shivered and looked piteous and pathetic. The sun was warm, no wind was blowing, and Jack used a very slow, easy-to-bear stream

and crooned to him and consoled him and sympathized with him till taking a bath was almost worth while.

As soon as the soap was washed away, Jack untied him and the game began. It started with a quick and thorough shake and Jack jumped behind the cherry tree to keep his face from getting sprinkled. Then off Pete dashed. He tore out between the barn and the wood shed and back into the field, with Jack more or less at his heels, trying to keep up with him. The game was a contest to see whether Pete could find a patch of dirt and roll in it before Jack could stop him. But this time Pete had his new and unknown dust bowl in mind, and he had no idea of stopping before he got to it. He had to elude Jack to do this. He went over the Lehner stone wall, where the blackberry bushes were thick, tore along on the blind side of it, and recrossed a hundred yards away. Jack didn't see him and was hunting all over the Lehner place long after Pete was turning over and over and round and round in his dust bowl behind the purple lilac bush, trying to outsmart the effects of his bath.

Pete and Rex

One morning Jack took Pete up to the Threlfals' to help him get the milk. This was a regular farm with barns and sheds and silos. Inside the barn was a big herd of fine Guernsey cows, being milked. Pete smelled the barn and he smelled the cows, and while Jack was in the dairy, he jumped out of the car and made a bee-line for the barn. But he didn't get there.

Rex, the Threlfals' collie, appeared suddenly in his path, gave Pete a hard look, and Pete stopped in his tracks. Pete got back in the car and contemplated Rex. From this distance, Rex looked friendly enough, but he didn't act friendly near to.

Later on, when Pete got the hang of things in the neighborhood, he understood Rex's problem. Rex not only had the place to look after, same as any dog, but he had to keep the cows on his mind. Also he had to mind the milk, where it was stored, and not let anyone steal it. He'd had to think about this so much that it had got under his skin and made him suspicious. He even suspected the dogs, though he ought to have known that no dog would stoop to stealing milk, unless perhaps it belonged to the cat.

Rex was so busy he never left home, so Pete got the habit of stopping by once in a while, like the visiting nurse or the preacher, to bring Rex the news. But he had to give it from the roadside. Pete was never offended, though he was puzzled. You could see that from his dubious expression, when he was listening to Rex telling him to get out even before he got in.

Orlando Furioso and Gretel

USUALLY, when Carl and Nicky called on Pete, they called separately. No reason for it. It just happened. But one day it happened the other way and they both came around together, almost arm in arm, as you might say. It was because they had something in common and they wanted to share it with Pete. What they had was a new member of the family, each of them.

Mr. Lehner went to Europe every summer and when he came back, he always had something for somebody. This time, he brought the Flynns a new dog. At least he said it was a dog, and, after they had examined it under a microscope, so did the Flynns. He was a Belgian griffon. He was about as big as a minute on a Swiss wrist watch, and what there was of him was hair. His head was flat from front to back, with his face sort of sketched on the front of it, looking like a floating sea horse without any tail, or a silver dollar dressed up in whiskers.

Mr. Lehner's niece, Madeleine, fell in love with it and cried her eyes out when she found it was going to the Flynns'. This disturbed Mr. Lehner, who was a kind-hearted man, so he hurried over to Weymouth and Braintree, where there are a lot of kennels, and hunted round for something little and queer. He came back with a dachshund,

which he presented to Madeleine. Madeleine was consoled. She called it Gretel, because it was a lady, and said she'd save up her money and buy Gretel a Hänsel.

Gretel had a sweet nature and much dignity of demeanor, but she was a little dumb. Madeleine said it was because Gretel was waiting for Hänsel and didn't want to learn much till he came, for she didn't want to know more than her husband.

It was these two animals that Carl and Nick were excited about. Besides, they wanted Pete to check up on them and be sure they were dogs.

Pete was having a morning nap and was pretty slow getting started, and by the time he did, Madeleine had called up Jack and invited him down. So Jack trailed Carl and Nick down to the Lehners'. When he arrived, he found

the three dogs sitting in a semi-circle round Madeleine, on the piazza. They were curious and interested. Madeleine had Gretel on her lap, so she put her down where Jack and the dogs could see her better. Gretel assumed a knock-kneed posture with her feet pointed in opposite directions and looked demure and serene and very self-satisfied.

"What is it?" Jack asked. Carl and Nick and Pete felt about the same way. They picked themselves up and ambled along in the general direction of the Flynns'. Madeleine was hurt. She took Gretel in her arms and went into the house, and Jack had to follow her to make her believe he was just trying to be funny and that he didn't mean what he said and that he considered Gretel the most distinguished dog in the neighborhood, next to Pete. All of which took so much time he didn't get to the Flynns' at all.

But Carl and Nick and Pete did. And as soon as they hove in sight, something fast and fierce and furious rushed out at them. It was the new Flynn exhibit.

Carl looked at Pete, as much as to say: "That's it!" You could see Carl was ashamed of the thing, and after a moment he started after it, talking very loud, and tried to chase it into the barn. But the thing wouldn't go. It was very quick. It darted this way and that way, over Carl and under him and around him, talking back in a foreign language, which none of the dogs could understand. Carl tired himself out and lay down, with his wet tongue out, and looked at the item.

Then the item went up to Carl and tried to make up. But Carl wouldn't. He just looked at Pete and Nick and invited them to come on up and take a smell and make a report on it. They came up slowly, very cautious, the way you approach a bee-hive. When they smelled the thing, it was terrifically flattered. It didn't know that was the only way they had to find out he was a dog.

Every time a car passed, the item left the group and rushed at it and back again, barking constantly. But his bark was only a squeak, high and shrill. You couldn't hear it twenty feet away, but you could see it all right. He was a ball of furry fury and every hair a missile. Then and there he named himself Furioso. Later on, Jack put Orlando in front of it, just, he said, to get a running start.

Temptations

EVERYBODY has temptations, especially boys. But only boys know that dogs have temptations, too. Boys and dogs understand each other, because they are so much alike. The only difference is that boys bark words and their tails were cut off long ago.

Pete had his temptations. He didn't want to give in to them and mostly he didn't, but sometimes he did. He always felt badly about it, but he felt badly afterwards, because he knew there wasn't any use in trying to feel badly beforehand.

Most of Pete's temptations had something to do with farm life. He was born on a farm and the things he was born to stuck to him. The Hingham place was a farm, too, but it was now mostly fields and buildings. To be sure there were flower gardens and a vegetable garden and a hen house with hens in it. But, except for the hen house, this farm wasn't active, like the ones where Pete and Jack were born.

The Threlfals used part of the land, and on the days when they were around Pete found no fault. Usually they brought a horse or two and he loved to watch them putting in great patches of fodder corn or bringing loads of hay into the barn.

But, except for the smell of the hay, that big barn with its empty stalls and pens was a great disappointment to Pete. He used to go in and wander round and sniff at the stalls and look depressed and come out again.

Of course, when the boys used it as a play house, Pete got fun out of it too. The harness room was Jack's special property. Lincoln had printed on the wall in black paint:

J. F. Robinson
General Store

Here were shelves he had helped Jack put up, and Jack had filled them with all the empty containers he could collect, such as oatmeal, cream of wheat, and salt boxes, and tea, coffee, and cocoa cans Pete used to go into the house with Jack for orders and return to the barn to help fill them. He was as enthusiastic a groceryman as Jack, and he did his best to help when Lincoln made rough tables for the stalls and fitted the barn up for a Halloween party.

But Pete wanted people in a house and animals in a barn. He wanted to hear a pig or two, or watch the cows being milked, and he wanted horses. He needed to have horses particularly. He knew horses and loved them and horses were always one of his temptations. When a horse went by, you could see Pete resisting temptation. He wanted to get up and follow. Usually he would just look longingly and shiver a little, and then turn his head the other way and shut his eyes and fool himself into thinking he was asleep and dreaming.

But there was one horse he did follow; or rather two horses. It was Penrod Pinckney's team. They went by once a week with a load of garbage for the pigs. They went so slowly it made the temptation last longer than Pete could stand, so he often got up and followed. He only went over to the pig pasture. It didn't take long. When the outfit reached the house on the way back, Pete left it and came in and registered shame, especially if anyone was looking at him. It wasn't much of a sin to leave the job for half

an hour, but with Pete it was the principle of the thing. He felt worse about it than anybody else.

But some of the temptations Pete yielded to led farther than the pig pasture. Once he followed a load of hay and wasn't discovered till he had gone six or eight miles, and had to be brought home. He followed a load of manure another day and went several miles into unknown country in the opposite direction. After he had called on the animals on the farm where he found himself, he realized he was lost. So he strolled over to the house and went up on the piazza and lay down and waited till he was noticed and his tag examined and he was telephoned about. Of course, the boys got into the car and went after him. This sort of thing happened rather frequently.

The worst temptation Peter ever did yield to was one time when the family were on a visit at Jack's grandfather's house, and he paid heavily for yielding that time. It was a college community, and though there were lawns and trees, there were no woods or fields and not even a hen house or a cowless barn.

It was pretty dull with none of his own gang to call on or cavort with, and only now and then a stray dog to speak to and pass the time of day with. Most of the time, he just lay around in the sun till he got tired of the sun, and then he'd move into the shade till he got tired of the shade. There wasn't anything of interest anywhere.

One morning a fine team of horses came along with a

load of garden produce and a man. The man stopped them right in front of Pete and got out, and took the bits out of the horses' mouths and put on nose bags.

Pete couldn't believe his own eyes. He winked and blinked and then to make sure he wasn't asleep and dreaming, he reached back and bit himself. It was so. He was awake, and here was a really truly pair of horses. Besides, he could smell them, and they had a fine horsy smell. He got up and approached with caution. He was afraid they might up and vanish.

The man saw Pete and called in a jovial tone: "Hello, Towser!" Pete didn't mind what you called him if you smiled when you did it. He always responded to the way you said a thing and didn't bother much about what you said. Pete was a mind reader and didn't have to listen. He wagged his tail and went up to the man and the man scratched his left ear.

After that the man got out a paper bag full of lunch and sat down on the curb and began to eat. Pete had had his breakfast and he wasn't hungry, but when the man offered him something of course he took it. He always enjoyed eating with anyone. It was the sociability of the thing.

"It's a fine day for man and beast," his new friend remarked. Pete looked at the horses and walked round in front of them and sneezed at them and wagged his tail, and the horses nodded their heads and munched their grain and nodded their heads again. It was like old times at the Bents'.

Breakfast over, the man took off the nose bags and put back the bits, climbed to his seat, and said "Giddap!" to the horses, and "Goo'-by, Towser," to Pete.

The temptation was too great to resist. Pete took one quick look at the house and then tucked himself away under the wagon and close to the horses' heels and went along with the team.

When Jack came out to take Pete for a walk, there was no Pete to be found. Pete didn't come back that day or the next. Jack telephoned the police in Medford, he telephoned the police in Somerville, he telephoned the police in Cambridge. None of them knew anything about any kind of lost dog. Jack's grandfather then called his milkman and found an airedale had followed one of their wagons. The family were jubilant. They got into the car and drove down to the horse barn. It was another airedale—not Pete.

Everybody inquired everywhere anyone could think of, personally and by telephone. By the fourth day it looked as though Pete must be really lost. Jack was worried and uneasy. He wanted to do something, but he didn't know what to do. Lincoln felt the same way, only he was more grown up and wouldn't admit it. When he got out the car and told Jack to come along and they'd go looking for Pete, he pretended it was all on account of Jack. "Sometimes just going places makes you think of things," he said.

They didn't mention it, but they were both thinking

maybe they'd find Pete by the side of the road somewhere. They traveled a route like the spokes of a wheel, out one spoke and back another. Lincoln watched one side of the road, and Jack the other. They didn't arrange it and they didn't say they were doing it. They just did it.

They ran out of gas right in front of the Arlington police station. They had Pete so much on their minds, they didn't stop to figure out the trouble. Lincoln kept grinding the starter with no result. A patrolman, just in from his beat, stood in the station doorway and watched and listened and grinned. At last, he inquired: "Why don't you take a look at the gas? There's a gas station round the corner."

Lincoln looked sheepish and started for the gas station with: "Thanks a lot." "Haven't seen a stray dog, have you?" Jack asked. The patrolman took off his cap and scratched his head. "Well, now, let me see. What kind of a sort of a dog?"

"An airedale."

"That's a long-haired dog, isn't it? A kind of Scotch-Irisher? I don't know dogs very well." Jack didn't care much to be strung about Pete. He just said, shortly: "An airedale's an airedale," and turned away.

"Wait a jiff!" When Jack turned back, the policeman was grinning and something about the grin revived Jack's hope.

"Let's go in and see the sergeant. He's got a kid that's got a dog and he knows more about dogs than I do."

The sergeant was told the trouble and he grinned, too.

"You say you're looking for a dog?"

"An airedale." Jack's hopes went high. He knew a man who had a boy who had a dog wouldn't be funny about another fellow's lost dog, unless he was pretty sure he could lend a hand. Jack waited.

"Well, now," the sergeant began, very deliberately, "three days ago we arrested a drunk and disorderly and put him in a cell. He didn't have a brand and he didn't have a collar and maybe he was a dog. If he was a dog, I'll bet a piece of cheese he was an airedale."

"Sergeant!" Jack nearly grabbed the man.

"Hold on, there!"

Jack looked as if the tears were about to burst. Instantly the sergeant lost his grin and was gentle and pleasant.

"Hold it, kid!" he said, reassuringly. Then he turned to the patrolman, Pat.

"Officer," he said, "release the prisoner in cell number seventeen and bring him up for examination."

"Pete in a cell!" exclaimed Jack.

"Well, now," the sergeant explained, "it's not as bad as it sounds. It's not exactly a cell. It's the yard, where the prisoners take their exercise. The dog's had plenty of food and exercise and one or another of us has had him out for a run every day. But don't get your hopes up too high. This may not be your dog."

Jack swallowed hard. "I know, sergeant."

"Besides, I've got to be sure he's your dog, before I take him off the books. He's lost his collar." Jack nodded agreement. The sergeant looked around, then back at Jack.

"I tell you. You stand over there behind the door and keep out of sight. You speak up and if the dog knows your voice"—he paused, and then said abruptly: "Why didn't you telephone around?"

"Good gracious, sergeant! The whole family has been telephoning for four days. But we never thought of Arlington. It's too near." The sergeant smiled and waved Jack behind the door.

Pat came in with an airedale, on a chain. He looked like a hen without any feathers, he ambled like an old man, his eyes were dull, and he looked as though there wasn't any life in him.

"Well, prisoner?" the sergeant spoke in an official voice. "What juh got to say for yourself?"

The dog looked at the sergeant, and gave his tail a weak wag, but he didn't have anything to say for himself. The sergeant looked over where Jack was peeking round the edge of the door, and Jack nodded eagerly, then drew back and spoke:

"It's Pete, all right!"

Pete's head came up like a shot, and his ears came up too, and his tail came alive. He looked around like a fellow looking for his stocking on Christmas morning. Then sensing the right direction, he gave a bound that ripped

the chain out of Pat's hand, and a bark that nearly deafened them, and was over behind the door in a second, eating Jack up between barks. The sergeant winked at Pat.

"Yeah, I guess it's the kid's dog all right, eh, officer?"

The sergeant told Jack to keep the chain, if he was planning to take that wild animal into the traffic. Somehow he managed to get Pete out of the building, find Lincoln, and get Pete into the car. Pete yelled half way back to the house and when he didn't yell, he whimpered and wheezed, and when he didn't whimper and wheeze, he cried like a baby. If ever a dog was telling a man how sorry he was and how ashamed and promising never to follow another cart again or even look cross-eyed at another horse, it was Pete. He promised right then and there never to run away again, and he never did.

The Get-Together

It's fun to watch a gang of dogs get together. First there isn't a dog in sight. Then some one dog comes ambling around, and in a minute another dog comes ambling aimlessly along and picks up the first dog. The two of them zigzag here and there, and some other couple or trio meets them and says "hello," and all of them amble around together, without any rhyme or reason. It is as if you shut your eyes on a dogless world, and when you opened them there is a whole pack of dogs fallen right out of the sky, like worms in a summer rain.

Pete's gang got together like that, early each morning, out on Jack's lawn. There wasn't any sense in it. They weren't going anywhere. They just got together. No one dog began it. Sometimes Carl turned up first, sometimes Nicky, and perhaps oftenest, Miss Flynn. Orlando always arrived with bells on, furious as usual, for no reason, but just because that's the way he was. Apparently every dog of them had to do the same thing in the same place at the same time and all of a sudden, there they were doing it. Part of the program was to tear up and down the street, haphazard, swinging to this side of the road or that side,

barking and jumping as if they were having the time of their lives. All at once, the gang melted away, as mysteriously as it had appeared, and every last dog was back on his own doorstep, asking for breakfast.

But sometimes there were get-togethers later in the day, and these were more formal affairs, especially if the trouble organizer appeared. He was the member of the gang who was not a member. He was called Scotty. He was part Scotty, only he was too big for a full-blooded Scotty, and his nose was too short and his ears were too long. But he

looked so much like a Scotty, you couldn't tell what else it was he had in him. Scotty didn't wear bells, and sometimes, when he could work his way out of it, he didn't wear even a collar. He didn't have any special line of talk, either. In fact, he never opened his mouth to say anything to anybody. But when he came around, which didn't happen often, he could collect every dog in the street, and have them all follow him.

Scotty lived at a place in the woods over south of Jack's. You got there, if you got there, by way of an old cart track, all grown up with thistles and juniper bushes, and here and there a bunch of cat brier. Scotty knew his way out, but hardly anyone else knew the way in. He lived alone with an old hermit, and was his constant companion. Scotty would sit all day on his own doorstep and never leave it, except to make his rounds, near by the shack. He would just sit, or sit and look, or sit and listen, or else put his nose down and sleep the time away. Then, all of a sudden some fine day, he would start up and leave home.

When Scotty emerged from his own path onto Pete's street, he turned east toward King's Corner, which was always the end of his trek. Rex was the first dog he passed, and usually he really did pass him, but once in a while Rex forgot his duty and fell in behind. Carl came next, and Miss Flynn followed Carl. Orlando tore after Miss Flynn, fast and furious, but falling steadily behind. They picked up Nicky as they trailed past the Lehners', and even Val,

before she was sent away, took her nose out of the dirt and loped along after Nick. Gretel was out and away, too, with as much speed as her dignity and short legs permitted, but in time to fall in by Orlando's side, at the tail end of the procession. Pete, unable to resist, joined the outfit next. Topsy Holmes, when her gate was ajar, came out for a breather. Even Pete's Enemy forgot his grouch long enough to take a turn with the others. And like enough, half a dozen stray dogs were added from over the fences of neighboring fields.

Scotty didn't have any system, or if he had, it was the way he traveled. He struck an even pace, pretty fast, the moment he emerged from his own place, and he kept it up till the entire episode was over. He never varied speed and he never took notice of anything. He looked neither right nor left, but kept straight on as if he were going somewhere for something and knew just where it was and how to find it. If there was anything about his performance that attracted their attention and drew the dogs along after him, it was Scotty's steady, persistent, quick gait, as enticing to dogs as a fly skimming the water to a trout. Scotty held the pack together like a center of gravity or a horseshoe magnet, sometimes in the middle, sometimes in the lead, and all the while beating it along as steady as you please, just as if he were alone.

At King's Corner, he went around the traffic circle and started back toward the west, his cohorts following—all

but Orlando the furious and Gretel the sedate and maybe Topsy Holmes, who got tuckered out in no time. These three met the procession on its way back, and turned around and pattered along behind, steadily losing ground.

When Scotty got back to the path to his own home, he ducked into it and left the gang flat. But he had worked them up to fever pitch. They were organized for trouble, and almost anything would do. Some dog was sure to think of the pig pasture or some other forbidden place, and the idea would catch on. By the time Gretel and Orlando had arrived at the place where the gang ought to be, there wasn't a dog in sight.

The Pig Chase

The pig chase was a regular institution in the neighborhood, and was an established custom long before Pete arrived and became a member of the gang. It wasn't a matter of dates, like Christmas or the first of the month, or even the celebration of a birthday. It just happened, like not washing your face in the morning, or like the sudden need you sometimes get to go swimming, and it usually happened after one of Scotty's appearances. It was like loading your gun. As soon as you have it loaded, you go looking for the bear.

Penrod Pinckney's pig pasture was where the gang kept the bear. It wasn't a pasture at all, but a woodlot. And there weren't any bears, only pigs. Some of it was dry land, and some of it was bog, because pigs have to have muck of some sort to root around in, or else they aren't happy and contented, the way pigs ought to be.

The first time Pete followed Scotty with the gang, he thought the game was over when the trouble-maker left.

He sat down on the roadside to get his wind back and prepare himself for a leisurely return home. Nick and a few of the older dogs had been holding a conference, and when it was over and the rest had started off, Nick came up to Pete and remarked:

"Everybody's going places. Want to come?"

"Where?" Pete asked, getting to his feet.

"Follow me!" said Nick, and away he went after the others, and Pete after him.

It was a zigzag, haphazard ramble, but Pete observed a certain amount of consistency in the general direction. The dogs started in a loose pack, not at all like hounds on a

hunt, but by the time they reached the pig pasture, they were all together like a swarm of bees. The place was fenced in and walled in, only the fences and walls didn't amount to much and couldn't keep the pigs in if they wanted to go out. They didn't want to go out often, because there were fifteen or twenty acres that belonged to them, and the outside of the pasture was like the inside, just woods and bogs.

The gang had a system. They went over a low place in the wall in a lump. They didn't stop on the way, but made a drive direct for the center of the pasture where the pens and the troughs and most of the pigs were. The game was to drive the pigs in all directions and scatter them round the countryside. It was a big job. To begin with, there was the number of pigs. Pete didn't count them, for he was used to two or three pigs under a barn, and here were forty million of them. There were battalions and regiments of pigs. Pigs of all sizes, from so big they couldn't move, to so little you couldn't see them, and all the sizes in between. It was a hot day, and most of the pigs were having a siesta and a mud bath.

The gang landed, unannounced, in the midst of them. The pigs were taken completely by surprise. They squealed and grunted and came out of their muck holes with explosive sucking sounds and began to tear off to all points of the compass. The gentlemen led the way, and the sows followed. Mothers deserted their children, and the children

got stuck in the mud. Pete sat down among the children and began to console them, in a friendly but loud tone of voice. His voice frightened them loose and they took after their mas and pas, squashing and squealing and falling down and picking themselves up again. Pete romped after in a genial mood, blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was frightening them almost to death.

The gang had the game well under way when Pete found them again. None of them were hunters, and it was only excitement that inspired them. Pete didn't care much about the chase, but he was pleased with the frantic barking, and when a dog got winded and ran out of words, Pete filled in the gap. He could make more noise than half the pack barking together; and if a pig had stopped to rest, when Pete barked, the pig would jump and squeal and start running again, though Pete paid no attention to it. The excitement of the gang excited Pete, and when he got too terribly excited, he would dance around on his hind legs and paw the air and bite leaves off the bushes till he got his mouth stopped up and couldn't bite any more. Then he would lie down and claw and spit the leaves till he got rid of most

of them. After that, he spent a moment or two wondering what he was up to, but not for long. He didn't care what he was up to, as long as the excitement was as contagious as the measles. He just tore around, and barked and got generally exhausted. By this time the pigs were scattered to the four corners of the universe, and everybody was tired and ready to go home. Pete was as ready as any of them, or more so, because he had his doubts about the propriety of the business. Just as they had reassembled for the start, and were congratulating themselves and telling each other what a good time had been had by all, a big, yellow dog, part police and part worse, threw in with them. His name was Satan and he was well known as a savage brute. He had three other dogs with him, all bad. Suddenly Satan spied a half-grown pig coming back to the pens. He rushed at it, his companions following. They got the pig in a corner and killed it and pulled it to pieces. Then they made off to commit some other depredation, and Pete's gang broke up and disappeared.

Satan had a leg with him, when he started, but he carried it only a few feet. Nick picked it up and brought it to Pete. Neither of them recognized it as part of the pig. To them, it was a bone like any other bone. But it was a bone. Nick carried it a little way and dropped it, and then Pete picked it up and carried it another little way. They got their noses bloody, but they didn't realize that, and they reached home looking rather proud and jaunty.

As luck would have it, Penrod Pinckney met them on his way over with a load of garbage. When he reached the pig pasture and found what he found, he came back in a rush to start an inquiry. Pete and Nick had the leg with them on the Lehners' lawn, and they showed it to Penrod. He deduced from the leg that it was a two-hundred-dollar pig, and he deduced from the bloody noses that Pete and Nicky were the culprits, and sued them for that amount. Their families paid to keep the neighborhood (which heard all about it anyhow) from hearing of the disgrace. Mr. Lehner said to Jack's father:

"It's the most expensive pork we ever bought."

"Yes, and we didn't get even a slice of bacon out of it," Jack's father added.

Pete Rescues the Silly Pup

ORLANDO was not allowed off the Flynns' premises unless escorted. Sometimes he went for a walk with Mr. Flynn, but his usual escort was Carl. As a rule, Carl took him back into the woods, where he wouldn't get into trouble, but sometimes he brought him up to call on Pete. Orlando needed looking after and it was Carl's duty to look after him.

When he brought him up to see Pete, it was Pete's duty too. Pete and Carl would lie down with their noses on their paws, and watch Orlando fuss and fume and run furiously here and there. When he ran out into the road, either Pete or Carl would get up and go after him and chase him back. He didn't have a pleasant disposition and neither Carl nor Pete cared a whole lot for him personally, but they did their duty and looked after him. He was just a duty to both of them.

One day when Carl was asleep in the house, Orlando got off by himself and was nearly up to Main Street when a car came along. Orlando was furious. He stood in the middle of the road and nearly tore himself to pieces. The

man in the car didn't want to run over him, so he honked. The honk was loud and sudden and scared Orlando out of what wits he had. He scooted off the road and ducked under the fence at one side. But he got stuck half way and couldn't get forward or back. The fence pressed him down against the ground, and the ground pressed him up against the fence. He tried to dig himself out, but the ground was frozen and he couldn't. He was exhausted and all he could do was squeak.

Pete came along and with his quick ears heard the faint sound and went to see what was the matter. When he discovered Orlando's predicament, he tried to pull him out. Orlando didn't know enough to understand what Pete was trying to do, so he snapped and snarled. Pete was rather rough with him for his own good and after a while Orlando kept still. Pete got to work again. This time he started to dig, but the ground was too hard for Pete too. He kept at it, but he didn't make any progress. Orlando got more and

more frightened and cold and began a weak wail and whimper. Pete knew that the silly pup would freeze to death or strangle, if something wasn't done. He decided to go for help.

Pete's family were off for the day, but suddenly he realized that Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were walking up toward Main Street. He had been so busy with Orlando, he hadn't

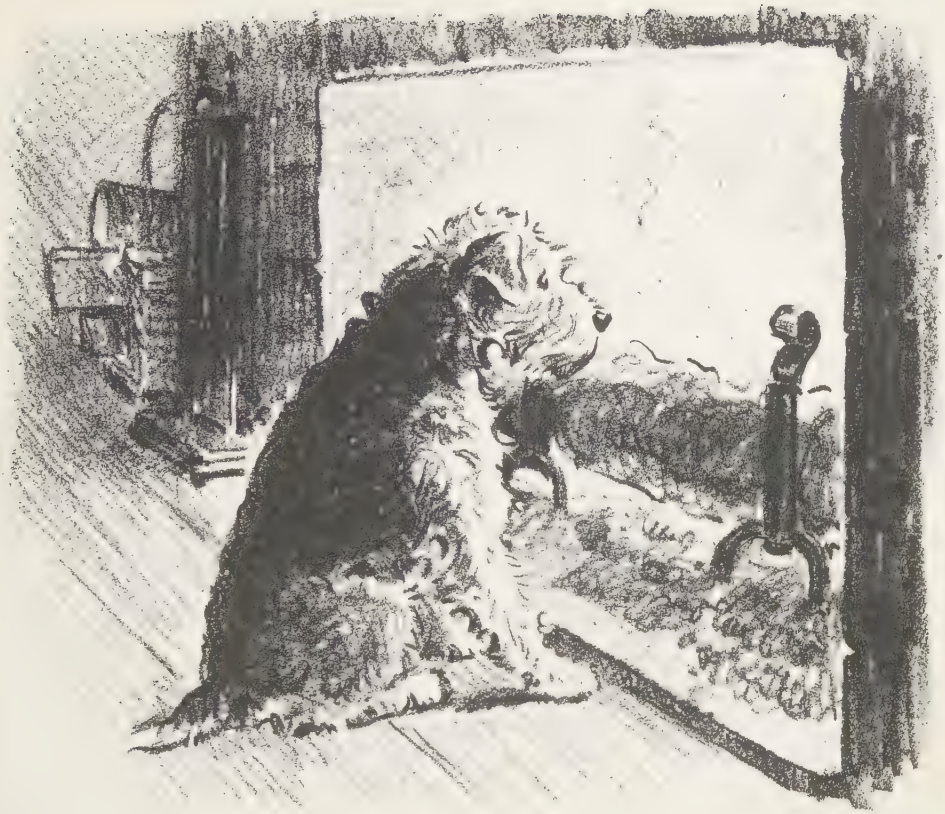
noticed them pass. Off he tore and came up with them, barking wildly. They knew Pete's passion for a stroll with friends, but when he jumped around in front of them till he nearly tripped them up and tore down the road a few feet toward Orlando and back in front of them again, they thought he had forgotten his usual good manners and told him to go home.

Then he spied Stella's car out front. He ran to the Holmeses' house and up to the front door and gave one of his loudest barks. When Stella opened the door, she thought Pete just wanted to come in and get warm, as he often did when his own family were away. But he wouldn't go inside. He just stood there and barked at her. She was provoked at him and shut the door in his face.

Pete didn't accept the insult; he scratched and barked some more. When Stella opened the door again, she told him to make up his mind whether he wanted to come in or stay out. Pete just barked. When Stella started to close the door, he jumped forward and stood in the doorway. He wouldn't go in and he wouldn't go out. Stella told him a few things and Pete told her things back. She didn't know what he was talking about and the more she didn't understand, the more excited Pete got. Suddenly Pete had a new idea. He backed out of the door and ran down the steps and right up again. He kept doing this, barking and getting more and more excited. At last Stella understood and told

him so. Pete sat down and waited, while she got her coat and mittens.

Then Pete took her up and showed her Orlando, and she got some garden tools and dug him out. Orlando was nearly dead with fear and exhaustion. Stella picked him up and carried him back to the Flynns'. Pete, relieved and happy, danced along beside her. Mrs. Flynn took Orlando and Mr. Flynn got a bone and invited Pete in to eat it. Pete took the bone, but he declined to go in. He walked home with Stella and went into the house with her to get warm and receive attention. But he didn't stay long, because he had had to leave his bone outside, and he was afraid some other dog might happen along and find it.



The Marshmallow Party

PETE liked marshmallows. They are easy to chew and have a pleasant taste and they are always interesting, because you never know when they are going to slip down your throat. Pete liked the taste tremendously, but he never bothered to chew them and there was no uncertainty about how soon they would slip down. It was right away.

He would even eat them toasted, but he preferred them fresh and at once, as they came from the package.

One evening Donald gave a marshmallow party. Pete was down at the Flynns' when the party began, helping Carl keep Orlando off the road. He came back after supper, when everyone was in the northwest room trying to hurry up the open fire to burn down to coals. You can do anything over wood coals, big, light, incandescent coals that fall apart if you look at them. They haven't any flames flaring up, no tongues lapping and burning whatever you put over them. They're good for popping corn, and just as good for toasting marshmallows.

Donald had made a pile of long sharpened sticks to stick into the marshmallows while they toasted them. Everyone had a stick and most everyone was sitting on the floor, waving his stick and waiting for the flames to die out of the coals. They were all rather impatient and once in a while someone would sneak an untoasted marshmallow, which was against the rules. There wasn't any light but the firelight, so no one was caught, or if anyone was caught by somebody, said somebody evened things up by sneaking a marshmallow on his own account.

Donald was doing his best to keep attention off the marshmallows till the coals were ready, by casting horoscopes. He was stretched out in front of the fireplace, taking down dates of births and working them out by his

astrology book. He couldn't see very well, but it didn't matter much. He knew that book from end to end, and knowing everybody, he could tell them all what they wanted to know, after a little pencil pushing and other kinds of hocus pocus.

Pete stole in the back way, so he wouldn't be noticed, and pretty soon he was tucked away in a dark corner, pretending he'd been there all the time. But the candy-factory smell of the marshmallows got in his nose and began to entice him. Though his nose wasn't any good as a hunting nose, it worked all right with marshmallows. There were packages everywhere, on tables and chairs and some even on the floor. They were all open and the temptation was rather strong to a fellow who had had only one supper and no dessert. Pete got his eye on one of the boxes on the floor beside Della Dee, and edged his way along, a little at a time, till his nose was right in between Della and the box.

He nuzzled Della a little and she put her hand down and stroked him, because she thought Pete was after affection. Once her hand slipped off Pete's nose into the marshmallows, and she accidentally-on-purpose picked one up and played with it. Pete considered that an invitation, so he reached up gently and slipped it into his mouth before Della could slip it into hers. Della was surprised. She gave Pete a delicate slap of reproval, which Pete took for a love pat. He sat up and gave her a quick kiss and held out his

left paw. This was too much for Della, so she gave Pete a marshmallow. After that, she gave him another and then another. And every time she handed Pete one, she took one herself.

Pete got so excited, he forgot everything but Della and the marshmallows, and began to talk about it. At first, he talked only in whispers and sneezes, but soon he was saying things right out loud. The others got wind of what was going on, and began to laugh. After a while Donald noticed too, and said something seemed to be going on and it threw him out on his horoscope calculations. So he got up and lighted the big lamp.

There was Pete with powdered sugar all over his nose and whiskers and wearing a proud and pleased expression. But Della looked guilty as all get-out, and besides, the box of marshmallows was very much depleted. She was so embarrassed she said Pete had stolen them. Everyone knew that was a fib, if not a regular lie, especially when Donald laughed and said: "Pete's no thief," adding that Pete got anxious at times and worked on the other fellow's emotional nature, but he didn't steal direct, and was never more than half a thief at worst.

By this time, the coals were ready for roasting, and somebody remarked: "It's lucky there are still marshmallows left to toast." Everyone got to the nearest package and soon the hearth was filled with toasters. The smell of sugar got stronger and stronger and when it reached Pete, he gave Della a thank-you-muchly kiss and moved over to the center of the fireplace group, where he could watch operations and perhaps horn in on the result. He watched the marshmallows go onto the sticks, and then he watched them toasting. When they were done to a brown and taken off, he looked eagerly at every one as it went into a mouth. He got his mouth ready, but it didn't do him any good. So he began to get excited and make a noise about it, till he got some attention and began to get some marshmallows. He was rather careful after the first one, which was hot, and took them in his teeth and sort of waved them in the breeze to cool them.

After that, Pete was the life of the party. There he sat in the center of the hearth, holding out first one paw, then the other, and letting out the thunder, every other paw. First one person, then another, toasted him a marshmallow, but they made him speak for it and say "thank you" afterwards. Pete was ready enough. He found himself cast for a part, and he played it. He went round the circle by the hearth, shaking hands like a politician running for office. Every time he took a marshmallow, he sort of bowed, the way a horse does when you give him a lump of sugar, and everyone got interested in making him bow. There was plenty of laughing and shouting. It was "Pete!" from this place and "Pete!" from that place. They kept him busy. When he wasn't going around the circle, he was running first to one side and then to another, like the spokes in a wheel. He got terribly excited and before long he was playing a game instead of getting marshmallows. He got so excited, he'd drop one marshmallow to get the next, because he found he could drop them even quicker than he could swallow them, which was quick enough. He was all aquiver, and he was so eager to get from one person to the next, he was shaking hands in advance, his paw all raised to the person next after the one who was putting the marshmallow in his mouth. The game was too fast for any more toasting, so Pete had them the way he liked them best, right out of the package. Some of the girls got laughing hysterics, and Pete sounded as if he had them too.

When the marshmallows were gone, Pete was asked to do this and do that. Pete wasn't fooled very long. He was good-natured and wanted to please, but he knew the game was over, even if the rest of them didn't.

Pete as a Traveler

Pete fooled himself sometimes about the things he wanted to do. He thought because he liked the beginning of something, he'd like all of it. It was like that when Jack and Lincoln gave him the cure for angel cake. He liked sweets, and he was getting fat, and there was a bargain sale of angel cake at Cumming's store. The boys bought three and put them in front of him. Pete ate the first with avid delight and the second with pleasure that diminished toward the end. But the third, when he was made to eat it, was just too much for him. It didn't cure him of wanting sweets, but it taught him to use judgment and make a choice, and he never again chose angel cake. Jack and Lincoln were pretty dumb to do it, but they did it, and Pete forgave them.

It was the same thing with traveling. Pete loved to get in the car and go, anywhere, everywhere, the faster the better, his nose out of the window, his whiskers kept up by the breeze, like a Frenchman's mustache. Only he wasn't a long-trip dog. He was a short-trip dog. A long trip tired him. It took him a long time to find this out. At first, he was so crazy to get started and so much afraid the family would go somewhere without him, he never gave a thought to the end of the journey. But he learned from experience,

and after a while he got philosophical and began to consider the trip in the light of the preparations.

If Lincoln got into the car in his old clothes, hatless, and without any luggage, Pete knew he was only going downtown for the mail or the like. If Donald dressed up and took a portfolio or something like that, Pete knew he was going into Boston. Either trip was all right with Pete,

and he was for it. But when bags and boxes, suitcases, blankets, and other paraphernalia began to go into the car, he sat down on the side-lines and considered the question. Were the boys going to the camp in New Hampshire or to New York, or down to New Brunswick to the old homestead where Aunt Clair lived?

He was good for the hundred and fifty miles to Tamworth, or even the two-hundred-and-thirty-mile trip to New York, but his enthusiasm for the start was tempered by the way he knew his tongue would be hanging out at the end of the trip. The down-east journey was a different matter. Five hundred miles of the state of Maine and the same back was just too much for his equanimity. His enthusiasm went out like a light, he went down on the lawn in a disconsolate and exhausted heap. He got to dodging or trying to dodge that trip. He would sneak out back of the barn, ambling like a tired old man. Or he would sigh and look unhappy, and after a while pick himself up and walk down to the Lehners', and ask to be taken in there. The Lehners, like everyone else in the neighborhood, knew in advance when Jack's family was going down east. So when Pete turned up on their porch with a still tail and the fire gone out of his eyes, they would call up and ask if they should look after him while his family was away. When Pete was to go along, they told him, and he went back with green gills, reluctant but reconciled. But he'd taken that journey

before and he was sick of it before he started, like Aunt Clair, who dreaded the water so much she got seasick three days before she boarded a boat.

One time Pete got fooled completely. It wasn't his fault or anybody's fault. Pete, of course, had to judge what was going to happen by his experience, and when something new was about to happen, Pete was up in the air.

Jack and Lincoln were at the red house in Tamworth, and Donald was somewhere else. So when Jack's father put a suitcase in the car and put Jack's mother in and then told Pete to get in, Pete supposed they were going somewhere, but not far. He passed up the suitcase as unimportant, for Jack's mother always took something wherever she went, no matter how short the distance. This was his first wrong guess. Jack's father drove into Boston and through it and then got out and said good-by to Jack's mother.

"Now, Pete, it's up to you," he said, looking into the back seat. "You're the man on this expedition. You're to be a good fellow and not get excited and bark or jump around, the way you do when you're off with the boys. Remember you are with a woman and this is her first long trip and you've got to help her and take care of her."

Pete looked dubious when Jack's father waved good-by and Jack's mother drove off. You could see care settle on his brow. He understood his responsibility. And he lived up to it from the start. He never made any attempt to get

over into the front seat where he always wanted to sit, his chin on the driver's shoulder, when he didn't have his head out of the window, to make remarks in passing to the dogs in the street. He just sat up very straight, maintained a dignified demeanor, and never spoke to anyone. He didn't even lie down and take a nap, the way he liked to do on a long trip. They drove down the pike, and of course Pete knew the route and was relieved when they turned left out of Portsmouth. Naturally, he supposed Tamworth would be the end of the journey (which was wrong guess number two), and he behaved like a one-man vigilance committee all the way there.

He was pleased to see the boys and the rest of the family whom they were visiting at the red house, and received their pats and their praises with considerable satisfaction. But the long-guard duty had made his muscles stiff and his demonstrations of enthusiasm were subdued, and little more than make-believe. Almost at once, he retired to his favorite rug and went sound asleep, to recover from the nervous strain.

Next morning, Pete woke up to the tune of an early start. Boxes and bags and suitcases were going into the car in rapid succession. Pete thought it was Hingham and home again for him. Wrong guess number three. He was still a little weary, but he ambled down to the brook for a drink, and that freshened him up enough to enjoy his breakfast.

By daybreak, they were off. Jack and Lincoln were in the front seat and Lincoln was driving. Pete was in the back and Jack's mother beside him. He didn't mind having her for company, but he did think that after his duty-doing of the day before, he might have been allowed to ride in the front seat. However, home was home, no matter how you got there. There was room to lie down and permission to use it, and he did, going to sleep at once to forget his troubles.

Twenty miles toward Hingham from Tamworth, there's a turn off to Portland, and the car made that turn. Pete sensed the error, woke up, and heaved himself to his haunches to look around and remonstrate.

"Take it easy," Jack said. "This is a new route to you, new scenery and everything. Relax and enjoy it." Pete didn't relax and he refused to enjoy anything that was not on the way home. But Jack's mother got so excited over driving close to Green Mountain in Effingham and kept exclaiming over so many things she had never seen before, Pete couldn't help catching some of her enthusiasm, till the smokestacks of Portland came into sight. Then he talked right out loud, protesting vigorously. He didn't like cities, anyhow, and he didn't like Portland in particular, because it was on the way down east.

Or was it? After all, the family may have wanted to do something in Portland or see somebody, and maybe they would head back for Hingham from there. He summoned

his patience and waited. But when they struck the route around the city and crossed the bridge to Falmouth, he knew he had guessed wrong again; it was points east and the St. Croix again for him. He grunted and sighed dolorously and sank down on the seat and buried his nose in the blankets, like a four-legged ostrich, so he couldn't see the blasted road.

From there on, it was misery and more misery for Pete. Everyone took turns trying to cheer him up. His responses were lukewarm. He was grateful for their sympathy and kindness, but he wasn't happy and he wasn't going to pretend to be. At Brunswick they passed the college, and the students were interested in Pete, who had been put in the front seat as a consolation attempt. Pete was polite but not excited. Lincoln told Pete the Bowdoin boys were about like the Harvard boys with whom Pete was familiar, and Jack added that the Bowdoin boys were better dressed. Pete was nonchalant about the information and looked ahead toward the open spaces. He wanted one more of the hated cities behind him.

The next place of importance was Bath, but the name was against it for Pete. On a wooded knoll near Richmond they had lunch and afterwards went to call on a cousin who lived in the town. Pete wasn't interested in lunch. He pushed it around the plate and then off onto the ground and considered he'd done his duty. The cousin was away and

the house shut up tight. So Richmond was a failure for everyone.

They went back to the car and, before anyone could stop him, he was in the front seat again. But it was Jack's mother's turn to sit beside the driver. Lincoln invited Pete to get out, explaining: "Don't you know you've had your share for a while? Mother wants a better chance to see the visiting license plates up here in Vacationland." Pete got up and wagged a weak tail, looked pathetic and ingratiating, turned around several times, made as if he was about to do as requested, then sighed wearily and settled back in the front seat, just as if he had done his best and was sorry, but that was that and here he was and what were they going to do about it? Jack's mother did what was done. She got into the front seat, handed Jack her pencil and block to write down the license plates for her, and took Pete in her lap, where he hung over at both ends, like a sack of potatoes, tired but happy, and extremely uncomfortable.

Augusta was just another city, and when Jack's mother pointed out the state capitol and told them it was designed by a famous architect named Bulfinch, Pete thought maybe they were talking about a dog or something interesting, and got half way up and took a glassy-eyed look and said it was all right with him.

From Augusta, they went on to Prospect Mountain and up it and down the other side. It was steep and the brakes

caught fire. Everyone got excited except Pete, but he had to get out of the car when Jack's mother did. He was so thoroughly bored, they actually got him into the back seat again, without his realizing it, glad of a chance to stretch out.

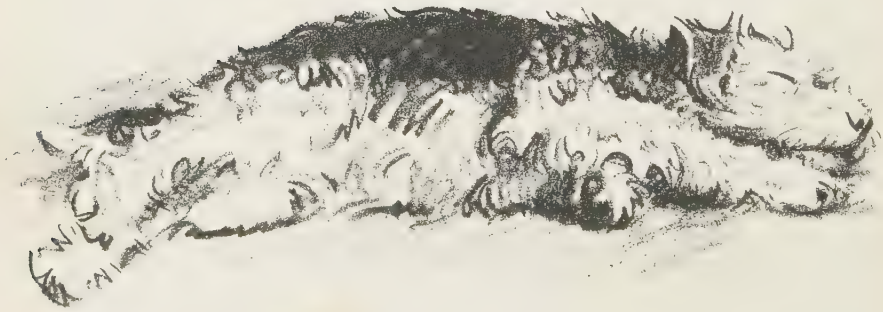
At the foot of the mountain there was a one-horse ferry that took them across the Penobscot. The Penobscot looked like any other river to Pete, but he was mildly interested in the ferry. It was something new and the motion was pleasantly distracting, a series of starts and stops and rolls and bumps, but he could have done without it. On the other side, in Bucksport, Lincoln pointed out the Jed Prouty Tavern, and suggested he might perhaps be an ancestor. But Pete wasn't in the mood for ancestors, and names meant less than nothing to him.

After that, came Washington County, which lasts forever. Even Lincoln was down on that stretch of road. He had been out west and seen the great open spaces and liked them, but from that road Washington County was a desert without sand, and a forest without trees, just ground and blueberry bushes, and scrub oaks and picayune pines.

Calais came at last and the Custom House and the officers on both sides of the bridge. Pete got up and spoke to the officers. It was without enthusiasm, just doing guard duty, but his bark was big, and the officers told them to pass on.

They went down river on the Canadian side, with Pete in the doldrums, and when they arrived at the homestead, there was Aunt Clair out on the doorstep, her specs pushed back on her bangs, waving her muslin apron like a signal at sea. Everyone was delighted to see everyone else. But they had to lift Pete out of the car and carry him into the house.

He slept for three days and was still asleep when the family started back home on the fourth. He slept all the way back to Hingham. Jack was worried and was about to call the doctor. But he didn't have to. Pete spruced up and was able to take the air and receive the gang almost at once.



Walks

Pete as a traveler was usually best on his own feet. If the family had walked down east, he'd have gone the whole way with his tail up. Only he didn't want to go anywhere alone. His sociable nature craved company, especially that of his own family.

He spent endless time and energy trying to get one or another of them to go walking. He'd be in and out of the house a hundred times offering inducements when he discovered a prospect; and he was good at discovering prospects.

If Lincoln shut a book and got up and stretched, there was Pete, stretching and yawning and doing a back and forth to the door. If Jack's mother put on a garden hat and picked up a basket to go out and cut flowers, Pete was at her heels, teasing her to go along to the brook in the meadow back of the barn for forget-me-nots. He didn't care any more about forget-me-nots than he did about ladies' delights and larkspur, but forget-me-nots were farther away.

When he got one of the family started and was sure of it, off he would go, leading the way and back again, trying to induce speed, dancing and prancing and rocking along on the diagonal, his hind legs always trying to get ahead of his front ones.

There were many miscellaneous walks: the kind you just start out and take, anywhere, by any path, or just crashing the woods and bushes. This suited Pete. He didn't need any reason to take him out. The walk was the thing, new and interesting every minute.

But Pete's family had endless walks with an object, for there were so many things they just had to see or gather every year. Pete knew this, but he didn't mind. They could go to get somewhere, if they wanted to, but it never hurt his feelings if they didn't get where they were going, or if they went somewhere else. All Pete asked was to be along.

He went with them in early spring, to see if any skunk cabbage was up. He went for hepatica. He loved to help dig aside dead oak leaves, but he always understood, when he was told to stop and keep still. This happened after someone had discovered a patch of the tiny lavender flowers.

The hepatica hunt was interesting too, because on that path there was a little pond, shaped like a deep bowl. Nobody ever suggested bathing Pete here, and none of the family even waded in, so Pete had no worries. He'd jump and bark with delight when one of the boys dropped a big stone in, ker-chunk, forming widening circles on the surface of the water, or when Jack's father made small, flat stones skip along over it, with a whizzing sound.

One walk took the family into the pine woods for mayflowers, another for columbines, still another for dog-tooth violets along a brook a mile away. Pete was with Lincoln

the day he found the first cardinal flowers beside a new brook, and he waded happily in the oozy meadow, while the family cut twigs, bright with red berries, from the black alders overhanging the biggest brook of all.

Taking any walk with Pete was getting next to life. He enjoyed things so much, he made them exciting and interesting whether they were or not. You know how a fellow whistling gets your own whistle started? Pete had such a gay demeanor, it made you walk with your chin up, or turn handsprings, or pretend this or that. He was good at pretending too. He wasn't any good at chasing a real rabbit, but he'd chase furiously after any rabbit that wasn't there. It was

more fun hunting nothing with Pete, than hunting something with anybody else.

Yet some days were rather sad days, and on those days the walks were sad walks. If one of the boys was in a sad mood, Pete would stop dancing and prancing, once in a while, and come and walk beside him and try to look sad too. Whatever the boys did, he'd do it; and however they felt, he'd feel it too, or try to. When you went for a walk with Pete, he went for a walk with you. But he had magic, if not fame in his feet, for whatever kind of walk it was, you always came back smiling.

Pete and Greylock

When the kittens were about half grown, Fluffy Ruffles decided to have another family. She removed herself to the haymow and away from public life. Chaos and Cosmos were given away. This left only Greylock and Hepatica. The two of them grew up together and led a pleasant life. They were never apart by day, and at night they slept in each other's arms, all rolled up in a ball. Of course they played with Pete too. That is, they played around and over and under Pete, and Pete was always good-natured and endured the ordeal.

Then one day Greylock's pal and partner up and died, and Greylock was left alone. From that day on, Greylock wailed. Awake or asleep, he wailed, when the call to wail came. It was a series of little wails, followed by a big one. It was like the seventh wave along the shore; there was an extra heave-ho to it.

He sought comfort in the affection of the family. He climbed up on a lap and nestled. When he was petted, he forgot. But he sidled up to Pete mostly. Now it is a shameful thing for a dog to be pals with a cat. It is against custom

and tradition. Since the days of Cain and Abel, cats and dogs have stood each other off. Pete knew this as well as anybody. It was in his blood. But his blood had other things in it too, and one of them was the milk of human kindness. Pete was kind. If you came at Pete on his soft side, he would let you do anything with him. Greylock got to Pete on his soft side, only all Pete's sides were soft to Greylock. So whichever side Greylock came to him on, Pete was a comfort.

The worst thing Pete did was not to notice. He was, of course, rather ashamed to have much to do with a cat, but his kindness was greater than his shame, so he just let Greylock do what he liked, especially if Greylock had just wailed. Sometimes Greylock would curl up between Pete's front legs, and sometimes between his back legs, and sometimes under his chin. When he curled up under Pete's chin, Pete would lift his chin away out of pride; then he would let it settle down again against Greylock, out of affection. Once in a while, Greylock would climb right up on Pete and let himself fall across his body, stretching out, till it looked as if Pete had a thick gray belt on. Sometimes the two of them would just lie back to back, as if by accident. Pete would shut his eyes and pretend he was asleep and didn't know what was going on. That was his way of saving his face and not losing his pride. Of course he couldn't help a thing he didn't know about.

Usually Pete had got himself where he thought he was out of sight, just in case Greylock came along for some consolation: on the shavings in the shop, or in a dust bowl he dug somewhere in the vegetable garden, or maybe up in Jack's room under the bed, or on it. Sometimes it was only as retired as back of the kitchen stove. Then when Greylock found him and cuddled up to him, and the two of them went to sleep together, they were out of the way and not likely to be seen.

When someone turned up and did see them, Pete went on pretending to be sound asleep. If one of the boys spoke to him and he just couldn't help but take notice, he would open one eye and then the other, and when he saw Greylock, he would look too surprised for words and pretend to shake him off roughly, stand up, stretch, and yawn prodigiously, turn his back on Greylock and the world and the situation in general, and walk away with great dignity.

In spite of Pete's precautions, the whole neighborhood knew of the friendship. So if Pete was making the Lehners a visit, Mr. Lehner, who was very hospitable, often included Greylock in the invitation. But Greylock wasn't sociable like Pete, and Jack felt he'd be happier at home.

One time the whole family was to be gone several weeks, so it was decided Greylock had better accept the invitation. Pete and the boys took him down and introduced him to everybody. Madeleine put some fresh, warm liver behind the kitchen stove, for she knew liver was his favorite meat, and the boys stole off and left him. Everyone thought he would be contented.

But was he? He was not. He wouldn't even eat the liver. He just started tearing round the house to find a place to get out. When he stopped for breath, Pete went up to him and nosed him over affectionately. He looked gratefully at Pete for a moment, then started tearing round again and kept at it till he was let out. Once outside, he went home

and sat around and wailed. Pete, of course, ran up every day to call on him, and see that the house was still there, and Mr. Gilfether came around and put food in the shed, with an extra large amount for Greylock. The door was hooked ajar just enough so a cat could get in and out and Pete's gang couldn't, or even Pete himself.

One night when the wind was howling and the snow was coming down in sheets, Pete suddenly got uneasy and asked to be let out. This was unusual, because Pete was almost always willing to stay in after supper, and get a soft spot and sleep. But this time he wasn't. He not only went to the door and stood there as usual, but when nobody paid any attention to him, he gave a loud bark. And he kept on barking. Mr. Lehner told Pete that it was storming outside and that it was foolish to want to get out in it. But Pete kept on wanting to go out and insisting on going out, and finally Mr. Lehner let him out.

After a while there was a loud bark at the back door. Madeleine thought it was Pete wanting to get back in. Mr. Lehner thought not. "Pete's gentry," he said, "and always barks at the front door." The barking kept up and got louder and faster and more insistent. At last Mr. Lehner left his comfortable chair by the fire and the book he was reading, and went to the back door and opened it.

There were Pete and Greylock. Greylock was stretched out flat and Pete was standing guard over him.

As soon as the door was open, Pete brought Greylock in and laid him down gently in front of the kitchen stove. Then he looked up at Mr. Lehner and wagged a slow tail and said just as plainly as if he could talk: "Please, do something, quick, about poor Greylock. I've done all I can."

Pete's mouth and waistcoat and front legs were all over blood and one look at Greylock proved it was Greylock's blood. He'd certainly been chewed up by something. And he was completely out. He just lay there and never moved. Mr. Lehner thought he was dead. Pete knew better and he showed it by lapping Greylock and nosing him a little.

Mr. Lehner called Madeleine and they bathed Greylock off a bit, used antiseptic, wrapped him up warm and put him in a big pasteboard box half full of soft rags behind the stove. When Greylock didn't come to, they gave up. They were sure he was dead. But Pete showed them again that he wasn't. Then they found that his heart was beating. They called up Dr. Rowe, who could do wonders for animals because he liked them, but Dr. Rowe was out.

Finally, Mr. Lehner remembered that when he was a boy, his mother gave their animals rum when they got chilled or anything happened to them. So they took some rum, added a little water, heated it a bit, and got some into Greylock with an eye-dropper. That brought him round. He opened his eyes and gave a weak wail and relapsed. They kept giving him a few drops of rum and Greylock kept coming to and going out, till at last he came to and stayed there.

As soon as Pete saw that Greylock had really recovered consciousness, he began to clean up himself. He hadn't made a move to do it as long as they were working on Greylock. Madeleine gave Pete a rag and a basin and some water and helped him wash himself. He was all in, too, and Mr. Lehner thought he'd probably had a fight with some big strange dog or some other animal, before he'd been able to rescue Greylock.

It took Greylock a week to recover. Madeleine supposed that after all the care and nursing, he would stay on with

Pete till the family came back. He did stay a few days after he was well. The first night he didn't come in for supper, Madeleine was worried. The next morning, Mr. Gilfether reported that Greylock was back in his own shed, looking for food, and that Pete was standing by the crack at the shed door, to make sure he got it.

Pete as a Family Greeter

On that first day Lincoln had said that Pete would be the family greeter, and he was. He had a favorite position on the lawn and from there he greeted everyone that came along, whether anyone was coming in or not. But he didn't have a chance to do it wholesale till the day Jack's mother opened the old house to the general public, and charged folks a dollar a head to come in and look it over, for the benefit of something or other. Several other women who had old houses in Hingham did the same.

Jack's mother did the thing up brown. She not only dressed the old house up from cellar to attic, but she dressed herself up too. And she dressed up half a dozen other women who were there to help her show the place off and keep an eye on things. They all looked very fine, and it was no wonder they enjoyed looking at each other and in the mirrors. They all wore old-fashioned gowns and the trimmings that went with them, to go with the old-fashioned house and furniture and bric-a-brac and the like.

Jack gave Pete a bath and a brush till he looked like a marsh with the sun on it in autumn. Lincoln tied a ribbon

round his neck, but Pete took it off and refused to wear it.

Pete was out front on the lawn as usual, but he wasn't lying down. He knew well enough that something was up and he had a right to be excited about it if everyone else was. He talked a lot to the members of the gang that drifted by before the party started, he refused to go with any of them, for fear of missing some fun.

Pete shook hands with the first people that came along,

without saying much, because he wanted to get the hang of things before he let himself go completely. He shook hands with his left paw, mostly. One or two fellows tried to make him shake hands with his right paw, but he shrugged them aside and passed on to the next arrivals.

Before long, people began to arrive in droves, and Pete had to move fast to greet them all. And when Pete moved fast he got excited, and when he got excited he barked, and when he barked he frightened timid folks, especially women, who weren't ashamed to show they were frightened. But anyone who got a good straight look into Pete's brown eyes didn't mind his bark at all. Most everybody patted him, and told him he was a good dog, which didn't surprise him, because he knew that anyhow. He went right down the line of new arrivals, with a word and a wag of the tail for each. He kept at it, till an unusual happening diverted his attention.

This was the arrival on the scene of the Winthrop girls, in a dog cart drawn by a Shetland pony. They knew the house well enough, but their mother was inside, dressed up and helping with the show-off, and they came up to see how she looked. Pete was diverted by the pony and cart, because most people were coming by car or walking. But the sight that struck his attention even more than the pony was the Winthrops' dog, Shagbark, an over-sized black Newfoundland, who came lumbering along in the rear.

Pete knew Shagbark as a mere casual acquaintance. Not

because he didn't want to know him, but because the Winthrops lived a long way down Main Street, too far for the development of any back-yard intimacies. Pete couldn't be running down there all the time, and Shagbark was too old and too heavy to go anywhere at all. Pete was more than astonished to see him behind the dog cart, so he left his job at once and went up and spoke to him.

Shagbark told Pete that he used to have to drag the girls around in the cart himself, and he came along just to look on while another fellow, meaning the pony, did the work.

Pete invited him in, and Shagbark lay down on the lawn on the other side of the walk from Pete, and looked on with a pleasant and fatherly regard, while Pete resumed his manners. Shagbark was another aloof one, in a way, but not like Carl. Carl buttoned up his feelings inside his own coat. Shagbark radiated good humor and the milk of human kindness, but he didn't say anything about it. He was so big, he could make an impression without trying to, and he was too full of years to care whether he made an impression or not. You accepted him for what he was and you didn't bother about it, and he didn't.

Nearly everyone noticed him and spoke to him, and he was pleased enough, but not at all proud about it. He lay there helping Pete out by his presence till the whole show was over. He didn't even follow the dog cart when it started back. When the last guest had gone, Pete went to Shagbark and lapped one of his big ears, by way of thanking him for his moral support, and after that Shagbark picked himself up and lumbered off home.

The Caledonian Hunt

Once a year, the Caledonian Hunt Club holds a cross-country fox hunt, only there isn't any fox. Instead, there is a bag of rags, soaked in anise or some other fragrant vegetable. This bag is dragged along the ground by the grooms, several hours before the hunt starts, and the scent fools the hounds, who follow the trail it makes. Jack's father gave the club permission to chase across the back pasture, so the family saw the hunt every year. One hunt was about like another, but the year Pete came it was different. That was the year the hounds lost the scent.

It was not the hounds' fault. It was the grooms' fault. Rather, it was a joke that the grooms put up on the hounds, or maybe on the riders. It began with an accident, and the accident gave the grooms an idea. It happened just as the trail-markers jumped the wall into the pasture, and the pasture was big enough to give the idea room to grow.

The scent bag caught in the stone wall and the rope it was dragged by broke, giving the grooms a quick tumble. They weren't hurt, but it made them feel more foolish than dragging the bag made them feel anyhow. They got up, cussing a little, and that made them thirsty, so they came up to the house to get a drink. They brought the scent bag with them, and after they had the drink, they went to the

shed and spliced the rope. The boys were away, but Pete was on hand, and went with them. They gave Pete a smell at the bag and the smell made him sneeze and they thought that was funny. They followed him with the bag, but Pete had had enough of it, and told them so.

Then came the idea. When they went back to the wall, they had trouble picking up the trail, and, of course, they had trouble on purpose. That was the idea. They dropped the bag to the ground, at least fifty feet from the place where the rope broke. And after they'd gone half way across the pasture with it, they decided they'd made a wrong start. So they picked the bag up and carried it back to get a new start, and the new start was even farther away from where the rope broke than the first start. After going half way across the field again, they decided they were still wrong. They picked the bag up and did the same thing again. They did it half a dozen times.

The grooms thought that was funny, but not funny enough. Next, they decided they were going in the wrong direction anyhow, and they began to drag the scent bag crossways of the trails they'd already made. They kept at it till there was a regular checker-board of trails all over the pasture. Each trail was broken, too, because whenever they came to a bush or a hummock or anything that stood up in the way, they made believe the bag might catch in it and the rope break, so they picked up the bag and gave it a chuck forwards or sideways or any old way. This left a gap

of ten to twenty feet between one part of the trail and the next. They kept this up till they realized it was getting late and the hunt would be on the way. Then they went off fast in the right direction and kept going till they were out of sight. Pete, of course, had been watching the proceedings. He couldn't make any sense out of it, but he stuck around because he liked to hear the grooms laugh and see them having a good time. Pete always approved of a good time, no matter who had it.

After a while, along came the hounds, running in a pack, tails out straight, noses on the ground, as if every one of them were rapidly eating up a long worm, and they all were very much in earnest. Pete hadn't that kind of nose and the scent didn't mean a thing to him. He thought it was rather funny for a gang of dogs to be so much interested in nothing, and taking it so hard. His own gang wasn't like that. They were often interested in nothing, but they didn't take it seriously.

When the hounds struck the place where the rope had broken, they lost the scent and went crazy. The pack fell apart like a handful of dropped jacks and began to hunt here and there all over the lot for the lost scent. They found plenty of leads, all different and all wrong. One dog would let out a yelp from one place and another from another place and every yelp collected two or three dogs. Before long, small groups of dogs were tearing up the pasture, barking wildly, all going in different directions.

This was where Pete stepped in. He couldn't see anything in just going in a serious, solid mass like a bunch of bananas, but when the gang broke up into little groups and every group began doing a different thing frantically, Pete took an interest. Excitement without any purpose was right up Pete's alley. He jumped in. First he tore around with one group, and then with another group, and before he was through, he had played the game with all of them.

Then the riders hove into sight. If the hounds on the scent were funny to Pete, the riders on the scent were funny to everybody that saw them, and a lot of people made it a point to see them. They wore bright red jackets and knee breeches and high, yellow, polished boots with silver spurs, and derby hats with feathers in them. All the horses were chargers, but some of the chargers were not very fierce, and the riders had to use the whip and give them the spur to make them charge a little. The riders wanted the horses to be foolish like the dogs and get as excited as if they were going to a fire, and some of the chargers had trouble getting into the spirit of the thing. The riders whooped and hollered and waved their arms and gesticulated for dear life.

When the riders came up with the hounds and saw them milling around, they couldn't tell what the trouble was. They jumped into the mix-up and were just as crazy as the dogs. The horses danced and pranced and the riders bellowed and yelled and two of them fell off their mounts and couldn't get back on and had to run to the side-lines.

Shrill voices shouted directions, and after a while the riders went riding round the outside of the frantic hounds, trying to keep the hounds from breaking through. It was a circus. Then someone spotted Pete, and let out a yell: "Look! There's the fox!" He wasn't joking. He really meant it. Some of the others almost believed it too, for a few minutes. But one of them got a clear view of Pete and said it wasn't any fox, but just a crazy airedale who had butted in.

They got after Pete and tried to chase him out, but Pete wouldn't chase and said so. One of the fellows on the side-lines ran into the melee and tried to grab Pete by the collar, but Pete said "no," in his bull-of-Bashan voice, and the side-liner ran out again. It was all good, clean fun, even if the riders didn't know it, and every dog was enjoying the party, especially Pete, without any shame at all.

The riders didn't know what to do, so they just kept riding round the circle, in their red jackets and tight breeches and derby hats, like the outside ring of a merry-go-round. At last somebody sent someone off haste-post-haste to bring back a groom to tell them what to do.

Just then, one of the hounds found the scent of the true trail, let out an extra-loud yelp, and led the pack off, baying to beat the band. The riders picked up the idea and followed, looking a bit wilted. The most dignified member of the hunt lost his hat in the sudden start and his horse stepped on it. He could hardly continue the chase without a hat, so he turned his horse round and went home.

Pete went home too, and he took the hat with him. As he rounded the barn, he met Jack's father, who reported that Pete had caught the fox. The news went round the town, but Pete didn't mind. He had been in the hunt, and he'd helped to his heart's content. That was Pete. He would help anyone do anything, whether it was necessary or not. All he needed was a place to take hold.

A Lesson in Woodchucks

Jack telephoned Mr. Bent one morning and said:

"There are forty million woodchucks digging holes all over our place. Mother is terribly worried and Pete won't do anything about it. What shall we do?"

Mr. Bent said he had an idea. The next day, he turned up with Mrs. Bent, Peter Bent, Gypsy Bent, and a new dog, very small, but no kind of dog in particular.

"His name is Dukesy," Mr. Bent told Jack. "That means little Duke. Named after your big St. Bernard, because he's so much littler and because there is no other resemblance."

"Dukesy? That's a funny name," Jack said.

"Funny by name, funny by nature, and funniest of all by looks," Mr. Bent continued and added: "But beauty is only skin deep. Also, handsome is as handsome does, and Dukesy does handsome in the matter of woodchucks. He and Peter and Gypsy have a system that works to the Queen's taste. We call them the Three Woodchuck Wonder-Workers. Lead us to a chuck hole and we'll show you. Where's Pete?"

Pete came back from a call on Carl and Miss Flynn at that very moment, and when he saw his father and mother he roared, and the three of them went into a tangle of affection.

"All right!" Mr. Bent said after half an hour of greetings of one kind and another. "You dogs have business to perform. Come on!"

Leaving Mrs. Bent with Jack's mother, Mr. Bent and Jack started off toward the back pasture, with the dogs trailing along behind. On the way, Mr. Bent said: "You and I both understand, Jack, that Pete's nose isn't what it ought to be, but he has eyes and a good head. He can see what another dog does and get the why of it, and if the other dog sets him a good example, it may be that Pete will follow it. All we can do is try. Now, Pete"—he and Jack suddenly discovered that Pete was not among those present. They looked back and there was Pete. He had Dukesy backed up against a dandelion and was giving him a sort of third-degree examination, and Dukesy was responding in kind. It was only a good-natured get-together, but it sounded like a rowdy row.

"Dukesy!" called Mr. Bent.

"Pete!" called Jack.

Dukesy ducked under Pete and streaked it for Mr. Bent. Pete followed by jumps, coming down every other jump on top of Dukesy, but not hurting him any. By the time the two of them had caught up with the others, Pete and Dukesy were like pals.

"Now for a chuck hole. Where are they?" asked Mr. Bent.

"They're all over the lot," Jack answered, "only the grass is long and covers them up." He went off to one side, then called: "Here's one, Mr. Bent."

Mr. Bent went over to examine it, and the dogs went too. Mr. Bent wanted to see the hole, and the three Bent dogs wanted to see what Mr. Bent saw. Pete was still interested in Dukesy, and didn't pay any attention to the woodchuck hole. Mr. Bent and Peter Bent and Gypsy Bent all stood aside to let Dukesy have a look. Dukesy forgot Pete and ran to the hole, and Pete stood around, wondering what was distracting Dukesy's attention. Dukesy just gave the hole a sniff or two, scratched at the edge of it once or twice, and then looked up at Mr. Bent, with a look that said as plainly as possible: "Sorry, Mr. Bent, but that hole doesn't interest me much."

"He doesn't like it," Mr. Bent said. "Let's find another."

They didn't have to find another; Dukesy found one himself. He ambled off into the tall grass, and in a moment

he gave two or three sharp barks and began to cavort around the new hole he had found. Pete was the first on the spot and began to cavort with Dukesy. Dukesy gave Pete a pitying look, as much as to say: "What are you dancing around me for? It's this hole that's interesting." Then he looked to make sure that Peter Bent and Gypsy had come up. They had, and when Dukesy saw Peter Bent, he started barking again, excitedly, till Peter Bent stepped up to the hole to take command of the situation. Gypsy and Dukesy, all aquiver, watched Peter, and Peter looked up at Mr. Bent.

"Peter is very polite. When I'm along, he always waits for me to give permission. Judging by the way he acts and his stiff tail, I'd say that the chuck who lives here is at home. Maybe he doesn't know he's receiving company, but he is." Mr. Bent turned to Peter and said: "Go it, boy!"

Peter Bent went. He went at that hole like a shot. He dug like mad. The dirt flew around in a shower, and Mr. Bent and Jack stepped back to get clear of it. Dukesy and Gypsy stood right close to the hole and watched and waited. Pete didn't participate. He sat down near by and looked slighted and perplexed.

As soon as Peter Bent had the mouth of the hole as big as he thought it ought to be, he stepped aside and gave Dukesy a look. Dukesy went at it with one jump, and he had no more than landed when the dirt began to fly back again, and as the dirt came out, Dukesy went in.

When Pete saw Dukesy disappearing, he was wild. He danced around the hole and barked at Jack and at Mr. Bent and told them to do something about it. They just looked at him and said everything was all right. Then Pete started to talk to Peter Bent and Gypsy. They didn't even look at him. They kept their eyes on the hole, standing stiff-legged, without moving a muscle or saying a word.

The pile of dirt Dukesy was leaving in his trail got bigger and bigger. When it got big enough, Peter Bent set Gypsy to work. She poked her nose into the hole as far as she could get it and then began to shovel back the earth that Dukesy had shoveled up in front of her. She worked fast and the dirt flew back, thicker than ever.

Peter Bent was shivering like an aspen with excitement. In a moment, he started to push back the dirt Gypsy was piling up, and by this time there was a regular dust storm.

Pete had tired himself out barking. He looked at Jack and then at Mr. Bent. When he saw that they weren't upset, he sat down beside the hole, lapped his chops, looked at the rear end of Gypsy, then at Peter, and gave up all attempt to understand anything and just hoped for the best. Mr. Bent glanced at Pete and shook his head. "Pete doesn't seem to take this thing in," he said.

Suddenly Peter Bent backed up and took a position beside the hole, opposite Pete, and watched Gypsy, very intent and eager. In a moment Gypsy backed out, and then out came Dukesy, backing very fast, and right back of Dukesy came

the woodchuck, showing all his teeth. He thought he had Dukesy on the run. He poked his nose out of the hole to make sure and just as he did it, Peter Bent reached down, quick as a flash, grabbed him by the back of the neck, jerked him out of the hole, gave him a shake, and the woodchuck was dead.

Mr. Bent said: "What I'm wondering is, will Pete profit by the example?"

Pete Profits by the Lesson

But there were plenty of other woodchucks left, and the vegetable garden was all eaten up by them that summer. They ate the peas, they ate the beans and the cucumbers, and if they didn't eat the corn, they at least encouraged the cows in the adjoining pasture to come in and eat it. Jack's mother began to lose hope of Pete, and said somebody would have to do something about it.

"Is it lethal weapons you are hinting at?" Jack's father asked. The truth was, there wasn't one of the family who liked to kill anything. However, Jack's father got out his old shotgun and loaded it.

It was just too much for Jack's mother when the chucks got into her flower garden. She couldn't find out that they had done any real damage, but their presence infuriated her.

"If none of you men will do anything, I'll see what a mere woman can do!" she exclaimed. It sounded interesting, so when she discovered a woodchuck in among the flowers the next morning, they all got up to watch her do it.

The woodchuck was big and fat and lazy, and he wasn't much perturbed. Usually a woodchuck will take a nibble and then a look. He isn't trusting anyone to come up and

scratch his head. He's on the watch every minute. But this chuck had evidently been living an easy life in the vegetable garden and had not been molested, till he'd come to think of life as just one sweet song. He saw the family look at him from the window, but did he care? He did not. He just went on doing nothing, with considerable pleasure to himself. When Jack's mother raised the window and tried to make her voice sound very fierce, as she shouted: "Get out!" he looked surprised and interested, but he retreated only about two leaps and stood there and asked if where he was now was the right place.

"Won't one of you do something?" she cried. But no one made a move. "What about that shotgun?" she asked Jack's father. She must have been feeling desperate to even suggest this, for she was frightened to death at the sight of it, even unloaded, and she'd never been able to bear the thought of its being used. Finally she said: "I'm going down there myself." When she got down, they heard her calling Pete, and Jack's father remarked: "This is Pete's big moment."

Suddenly Jack's mother came tearing round the corner of the house, a hoe in her hand, and Pete at her heels. She started waving the hoe in the direction of the interloper and shouting to attract his attention, so he could get away before Pete could grab him. The woodchuck was so surprised, he forgot to be quick, and before he got started Jack's mother and Pete were almost on top of him. When he did start, he lost his bearings and ran the wrong way. He ran at the wire fence enclosing the chicken yard.

He couldn't get through it or under it or over it, and the only thing to do was turn round and come back. This was embarrassing to everyone, for there were Jack's mother and Pete right in the way. The woodchuck stopped in his tracks and got up on his haunches and looked at them. What he saw must have been reassuring, for he let himself down right away and made straight at them. It was just calling their bluff. Jack's mother couldn't have helped hitting him with the hoe, and Pete could have taken him by the nape

of the neck without changing position. But the chuck was good at character-reading. When he got within ten feet and four inches of Pete and Jack's mother, they jumped apart and let him through between them. Whereupon the rest of the family, tucked together in the second-story window, sent up cheers of delight and derision. This made Pete dance and Jack's mother more excited than ever, and they both took after the woodchuck to do and dare. They came up with him, against their wishes and better judgment, at the west end of the hen house. Here the chuck, forgetting how fat he was, dived into a hole which he had used before the vegetables were up. Now it was only big enough for his head.

He found he was stuck and had to work himself out again. Then he looked back and saw Jack's mother and Pete about ten feet away. He decided at once that he had a good half-hour before they would catch up with him, so he turned to and began to enlarge the hole, working leisurely.

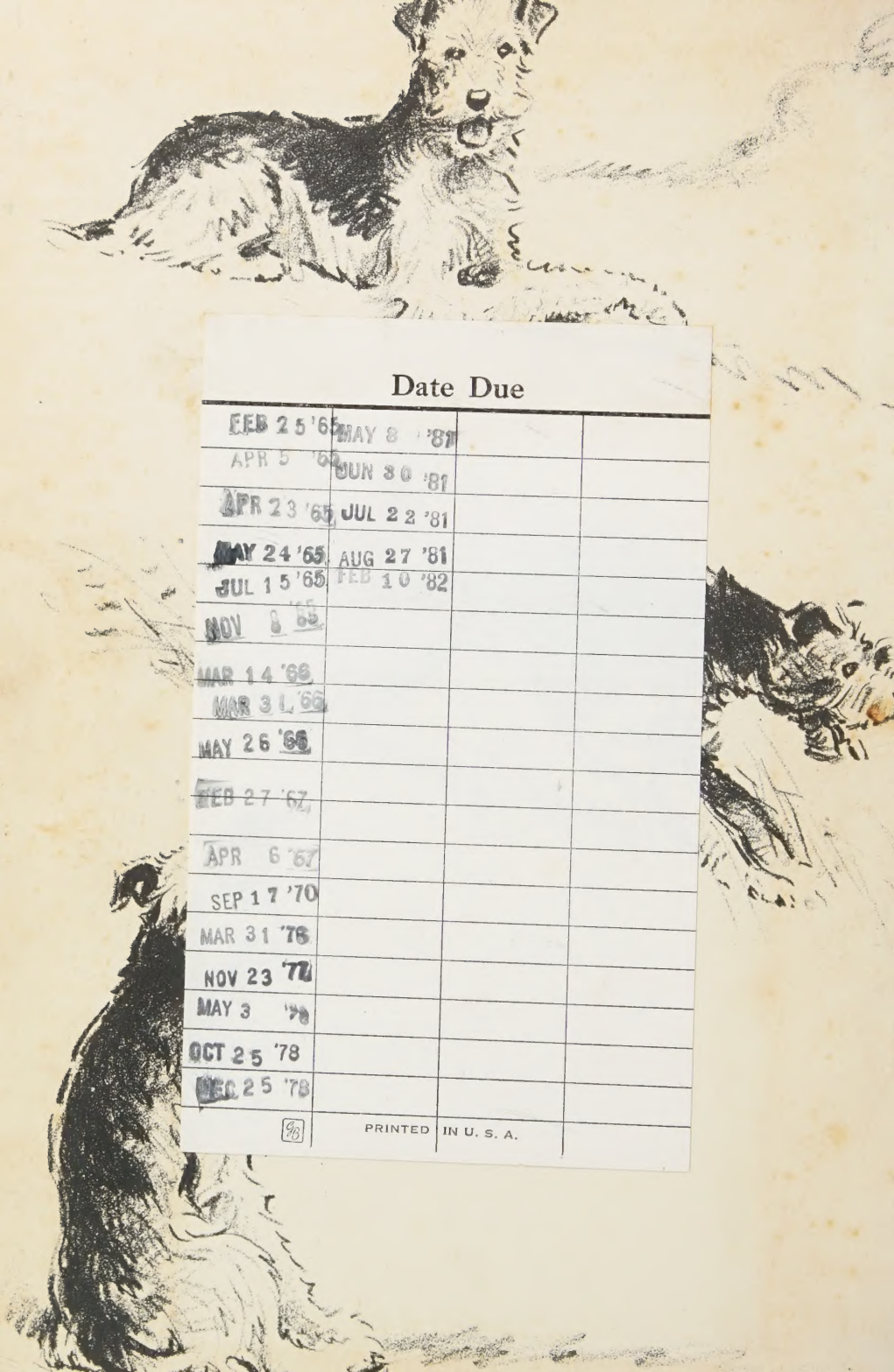
Jack's mother urged Pete on, and Pete looked at her and demanded an explanation, if not an inducement. Neither of them made a move to do anything. They just stood there, looking first at each other and then at the woodchuck. Pete got interested watching the chuck's system of digging, and kept wondering if he'd get away, and hoped he would. Jack's father noticed this from the window and shouted: "Sick 'em, Pete!" So Pete turned in and helped the woodchuck dig.

As soon as the hole looked big enough, Pete stepped politely aside, and the woodchuck entered the hole, taking his time. Jack's mother was furious with the woodchuck for showing Pete and herself up like that, so at last she started to use the hoe. But she couldn't bring herself to hurt him. She put the hoe carefully against his rump and gave him a gentle shove. There he was out of sight, and

saved. Jack's father said the woodchuck stuck his head out of the hole and winked at him, and he winked back.

Somebody sent an account of Pete and the woodchuck to the town paper and the paper printed it. After that people began to string Jack about Pete and Pete about the woodchuck. Pete took it all in good part. When you said: "Woodchuck!" to him, he just looked curious and interested. Jack was inclined to be indignant.

"Mr. Bent told us when we first got him that Pete hadn't any nose and that an airedale wasn't supposed to be a hunter anyhow. All Pete did was prove it."



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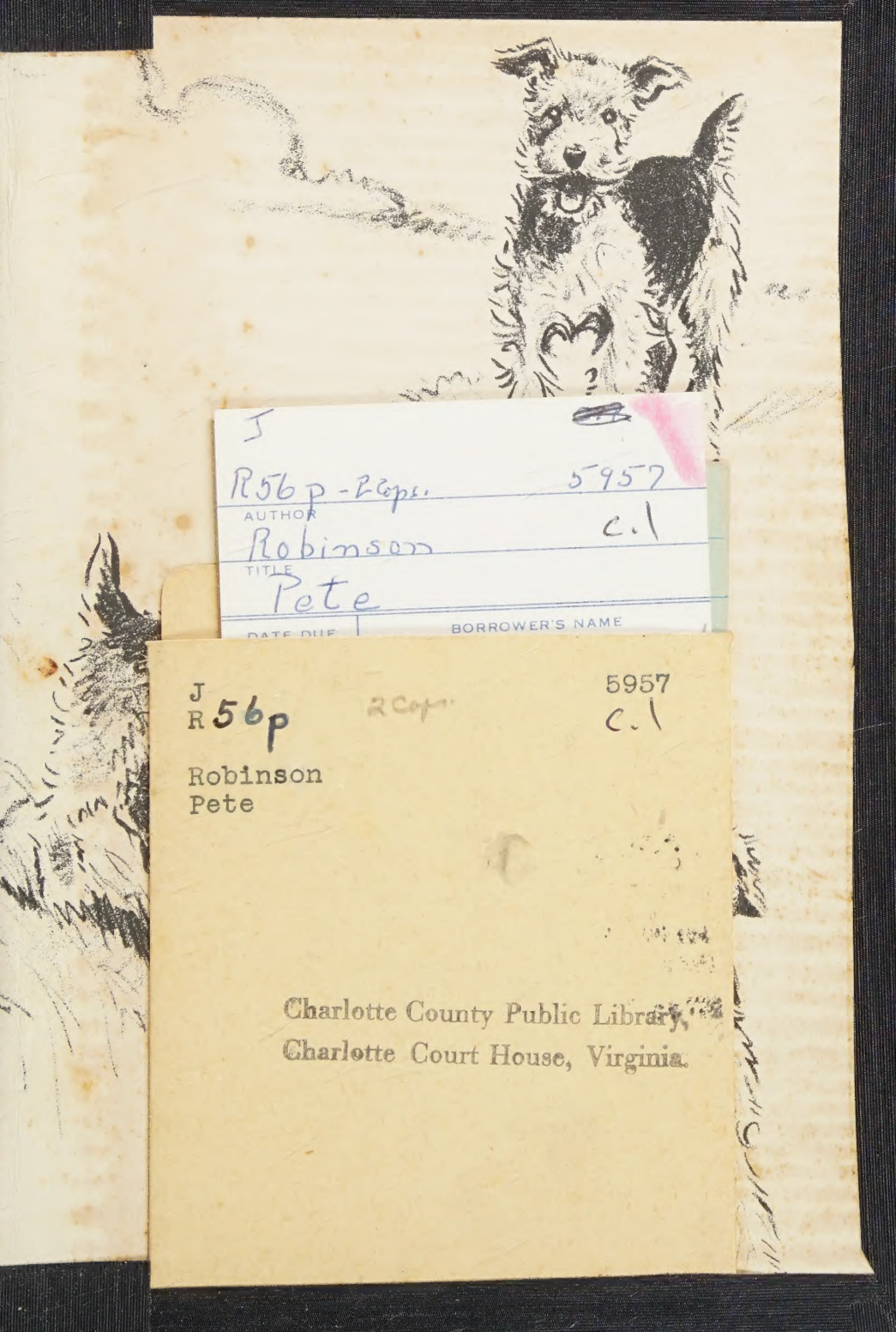

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